

# The SATURDAY REVIEW

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*is not now permitted*  
**The ~~Only~~ Paper that ~~Dares~~ to Tell You ~~All~~ The Truth**

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Germany has no wish to come and smash us up. The proof of that is that her great desire is to see England thoroughly armed, as she used to be. The country that Germany dreads is Russia; because Russia has openly declared that her aim is—to Bolshevise the whole world—and she is doing everything to obtain that aim.

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### Sir Samuel Hoare's Impertinence

The objectionable want of manners shown by Sir Samuel Hoare in his answer to Mr. Aneurin Bevan shows—in a Minister of the Crown—an absence not only of loyalty but of *savoir faire*, and a would-be insolent rebuke to our honoured and beloved Prince of Wales, which we hope the public will take note of and remember.

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### Strong Measures for our Cranks

[Reprinted by permission of the *Sunday Dispatch*]

It was time that somebody with the courage and human sanity of the Prince of Wales voiced the emotion of the great bulk of the nation about the cranky minority which warps and thwarts the good, normal, traditional things of life.

The two evils of to-day from which we suffer most are the mass of hidden little tyrants and the cranks.

They are often the same evil.

Because a number of elected persons—a class noted for its arrogance—desire peace, as all balanced minds desire it, the schools are forbidden their training corps.

It matters nothing that the training of youth in such corps is one of the best safeguards from unprovoked war. Because a few cranks writhe at the sight of disciplined movement, the corps must go.

### The Realist

Hitherto many polite politicians have argued and discussed the folly of this ban—but the Prince stamps the instigators of the ban with the name they deserve. He calls them cranks.

"Whatever walk of life you may go into you will have to submit to discipline," he told the boys of Berkhamsted School, "and I can think of no better way than by healthy training which is given by the O.T.C."

There is the realist speaking, the man who has known discipline all his life, who has seen war and has no love for it, and who refuses to tolerate without rebuke the idea that because a few twisted minds have confused discipline with blood-lust those who desire training shall be denied it.

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### Arrogant Folly

The Prince of Wales is above party or sectional politics. His healthy condemnation of cranks was confined, and necessarily confined, to that one example of their arrogant folly.

We who are not above politics know full well how much deeper drives the evil than the refusal to permit school training in discipline.

The very cranks who abolish training corps are those who, still in the name of peace, babble of applying sanctions to Japan.

A virile, progressive, militant, well-armed people, who by topographical location and geographical circumstance, no less than by comparative stature in economic and political achievement, can bring into order and subjugation the 482,000,000 people of the neighbouring chaotic country of China is to be submitted to collective sanctions which would drag Great Britain immediately into war.

### Out of Touch

These destroyers of training corps would thus have us at this moment engaged in two first-class wars.

It is not that they represent the mind or the feeling of the nation. With the nation at large they are completely out of mental touch.

They have a cranky conception of affairs, they, thus, cannot distinguish cause and effect, they cannot follow an action or a line of thought to its logical conclusion, and must, therefore, plunge us all into catastrophe, because their particular crank has to be gratified.

### Twisted Logic

Mr. George Lansbury cries that he would abolish the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force, and then defy the world to do its worst. He might as sensibly say that he would abolish the police force and then defy the murderers and crooks to do their worst.

It is not only in matters of peace and war that the crank is abroad in the land.

Because cranky minds in the past have applied their twisted logic to the conduct of daily life we are now prohibited from drinking except in special hours or having a modest gamble except in special places.

Drink to the normal mind is drink. To the crank it is either a drug or a medicine.

The normal mind would punish any member of the community who, by the abuse of a natural thing like drink, made a nuisance of himself. The crank says that, because some fools make social nuisances of themselves, drinking hours must be regulated if not prohibited.

This is the type of mind, as Gilbert Chesterton once said, which insists upon regarding a poker as an instrument for wife-beating rather than as an implement for poking the fire, and would decrease wife-beating by regulating the sale of pokers.

### They Condemn

To the great inconvenience of all ordinary citizens, whose need for drink is not conditioned by arbitrary Acts of Parliament; to the great loss of many other citizens whose businesses are deprived of support because our cheerless cities and resorts lack gaiety, we must quench our thirst or exercise our hospitality under restraints and restrictions crank-invented and crank-enforced.

Into the relation of parents and children the crank plunges enthusiastically with his regulations for this and his prohibitions of that.

Between the worker and his wages he thrusts obligations and deprivations devised by cranks to further some quite artificial and laboured theory of living, because if the worker were left to spend as he wished the money he has earned he would spend it as he liked, on some natural thing—and that to the social crank is a shocking thought.

There is, too, the currency crank, who is really a "blame-the-banker" crank. He would cheerfully upset an evolved system through which the nation has progressed from barbarism to prosperity in order to impose on us some quite untested patent scheme of paper standards, or index number standards, or purchase tickets, or whatnot.

### Regulated

The voluntary adoption of military discipline, the habit of taking or dispensing brewed or distilled liquor for food and refreshment, the habit of bringing up children in a home atmosphere created by the love of their parents, the habit of varying the monotony of life by wagering—these are the usages that have come down to us through the ages. They are the things that the cranks have, by law or temporary official power, checked and regulated.

A farmer hunting a fox with the local pack over his own and his neighbours' land was once a farmer hunting a fox, fit subject for a jolly ballad. To the crank he is a kind of pervert indulging in a blood sport.

A man sitting down to a mutton chop, with tomato sauce, was once an ordinary Englishman, like Mr. Pickwick, at an ordinary meal. To the crank he is some kind of accessory after the fact to sheep murder.

### Rebuke Them

In every department of life the pest abounds—the nagging, narrow-minded man or woman eager to compel the rest of us to conform to some superficial theory of living that has nothing to commend it except that it is odd and, therefore, flattering to the crank's vanity; for the crank is only the modern Pharisee thanking God he is not as other men are.

It is time these belittling busybodies were rebuked and made to realise that the rest of us

... are not children or fools,

But men in a world of men,

and can be trusted to arrange our own lives without these incessant and multiplying restraints, restrictions and prohibitions.

Colin Brooks in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

### Socialist "Loyalty"

Major Attlee, M.P., Deputy Leader of the Socialist Party in the House of Commons, speaking at the Party's Annual Conference at Southport, on October 2nd, 1934, said:—

"We have absolutely abandoned every idea of nationalist loyalty. We are deliberately putting a world order before our loyalty towards our own country. We will be called very disloyal because we own allegiance here to a world order rather than to what is called patriotism. We say we want to see put on the Statute Book something that will make our people citizens of the world before they are citizens of this country. It is the first time a responsible Labour Party in any country has taken up this stand."

*Information.*

### Lady Houston and The Government

We have received from a friend of *The Patriot* the following letter, on the historical aspect of the question raised by Lady Houston's renewed offer of £200,000 to be expended as part of the outlay on a special object—the air defence of London. The reply of the Government to this patriotic offer was that, while ready to receive general financial help, it could not accept this if ear-marked for some special purpose which was being provided for in the official budget of expenditures. Lady Houston has pointed out in the *Saturday Review* that the gift of the Sultan of Johore of a large sum for the strengthening of the naval base of Singapore had been accepted by the Government.

Sir,—On studying the new Elizabethan History recommended in *The Patriot* of 2 May and 30 May I came to the surprising conclusion that the present Government takes a far more high-handed method than was practised under an Absolute Monarchy.



Under a so-called "democracy" — which is actually a bureaucracy of party politicians—Lady Houston's magnificently generous offer is rejected unless she will give unconditionally and leave the spending to the very "statesmen" whose "squandermania" has reduced the national finances to their present deplorable condition and caused woe to our friends and joy to our foes. Contrast Queen Elizabeth. Though proclaiming repeatedly to Parliament that she was herself supreme, and that Parliament could suggest but never dictate to her, her appeals for money were always accompanied by an explanation of how her subjects' offerings would be expended.

Whereas nowadays there is a systematic "robbery of the thrifty to increase the number of the heedless" (these are the words of a man of the people)—and vast sums are taken by the Government and disappear, nobody knows how or where—Queen Elizabeth's taxation was moderate and merciful. Instead of her Government bleeding her subjects white all the year round, she allowed Englishmen to enjoy the fruits of their own or their ancestors' works; but in emergencies called Parliament to vote subsidies for purposes explicitly defined.

History in our schools is now so "democratised" (by which I do *not* mean made popular, but distorted) that the recent "Elizabethan England"

direct from sixteenth century materials is a revelation. Most notably is this the case in the Parliamentary proceedings to which last week you drew attention. I infer you had in mind such speeches as that of the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal (Vol. I, p. 149), in which, apologising for his own lack of experience in martial and marine affairs, he defers to the practical warriors for particulars—that affirms in general that the necessity for vigilance and strength must be evident to all—

"To be burdensome or displeasing was the last thing Her Majesty intended; but this is no private cause of her own . . . but a matter for the Universal weal of this realm."

Lady Houston's voluntary offering is in true sixteenth century spirit; but the rejection of it by a Government which will only take the money if allowed to evade the conditions is most lamentable at a time when the security of every human being may depend on a sufficient Air Force.

*The Patriot.*

### Cutting Off Their Noses

Now that Parliament—by 121 votes to 96—refuses to let the L.C.C. borrow in order to pay for Waterloo Bridge, the ratepayers themselves will have to foot the £1,500,000 bill—by instalments. Instead of the cost being spread over 60 years, as intended, the bridge must be paid for in six years—£250,000 a year. That will add a penny in the £ to the rates. If there had been a long-term loan, about £50,000 annually would have been sufficient, or a fifth of a penny on the rates. Had there been the 60 per cent. grant from the Road Fund, for which London asked in vain, the charge would have been about £22,000, or something like an eleventh of a penny rate.



Mr. Herbert Morrison, Leader of the Council, said to the *Evening News*:

"We shall try again next year. The work will go on, and a new bridge, of which London will be proud, will be built. While the decision of the House of Commons is regrettable, it is not a surprise. Just as, last year, the decision was made because of political bias, so it has been on this occasion. The fact is that, in dealing with a practical issue of local administration of this character, the House of Commons is not at its best. I have a high regard for parliamentary institutions, but Parliament is better dealing with broad issues of



national or legislative policy than with specific matters of local government.

"Obviously the members of the L.C.C. who have lived with the question of the damaged bridge since 1924 know more about the requirements of London than M.P.'s who come from all over the country, including the Western Isles. In those circumstances, the House would have been wise to accept the decision of the Council. Besides, we know—as indeed everybody knows—that our decision to build a new Waterloo Bridge has been one of the most popular we have taken. It has the support of public opinion. Instead, the House has overridden the will of the people of London, and ignored the very strong representations of the Port of London Authority that the old bridge was a danger to navigation.

"The action of the Transport Minister is much to be deplored. He has declared, on behalf of the Government, that in no circumstances shall the Council have a grant towards this work. That is a change from the attitude of his predecessors, who took the view that if Parliament sanctioned the borrowing a grant should be made.

"The altered decision is monstrous and scandalously unfair to the ratepayers of London. What becomes now of the argument that Waterloo Bridge is a national possession? It is small wonder, in these circumstances, that the Ministry of Transport has been a party to the Chancellor's raiding of the Road Fund for general purposes. The Road Fund has become a mockery.

"The House of Commons has made an unjust decision and done something it did not intend to do—strengthen the position of the present majority in the L.C.C., because I am certain that the reaction of the citizens of London will be in favour of the Council."

*Evening News.*

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### The Crisis of Conservatism

The Conservative Party is at the present moment deeply divided. Perhaps at no time since 1846 has the schism been so profound. The immediate cause of dissension is, of course, the National Government's India Bill, but beneath and beyond that immediate cause there are fundamental divergences of principle so grave as to threaten a permanent disruption disastrous both to the party and to the country.

It is lamentable that as the result of a fatal combination of unfortunate circumstance and human folly the only possibility before the British people in respect of India is a choice of evils.

The initial error was perpetrated by the Liberal, Mr. E. S. Montagu, when, in August, 1917, he made to India, with whatever qualification, the promise of responsible self-government; the second gross mistake was made by the amiable Conservative Governor-General, Lord Irwin (now

Viscount Halifax), when, in 1929, he used the term "dominion status" to describe India's future position in the Empire; the final blunder was committed by our National-Socialist Prime Minister, when, in 1932, he consented to provide a solution of the communal-franchise problem which Hindus and Mohammedans had been unable themselves to solve.

It is true, of course, that implicitly ever since 1800, and explicitly ever since 1833, it had been the policy of Britain to associate loyal and capable natives with British civilians and soldiers in the government of the great dependency. Queen Victoria had clearly proclaimed it in 1858, and fifty years later King Edward VII had strongly reaffirmed it. But none of the schemes of Queen Victoria, King Edward or Lord Minto contemplated for one moment the introduction of democracy into India. Even Lord Morley, who, as Secretary of State for India, proved to be so painful a thorn in the flesh to Lord Minto, was free from the illusion that democracy was suited to India or India to democracy.

If India were the only question on which Conservatives are divided there might be a prospect of speedy reunion. But, unhappily, there is wide



divergence of opinion among Conservatives on many other matters, a divergence that descends to the bedrock of basal principle. From a party point of view the defect of the India Bill of 1934 is that it was not originally a Conservative measure at all, but a measure of the Opposition which the Conservative leader was complacent enough to take over. And the defect of a great many other measures which official Conservatism now tends to support is that they are not Conservative measures at all, and not measures which are consistent with the essential genius of Conservatism.

For instance, the Franchise Acts of 1918 and 1928 were alien from the spirit of Conservatism, for they treated the vote as a right which could be demanded by the individual and not as a function to be performed on behalf of the community; and, consequently, they added to the electorate multitudes of persons wholly unfitted both in character and in condition to fulfil any public duty.

The present passion for "planning"—involving as it does new burdens of taxation, constant increases in the devouring armies of bureaucrats, and incessant encroachments on the diminishing liberties of Englishmen—is more consonant with



Socialism than with Conservatism. And so one might go on.

Can it be expected that the Conservative Party will remain intact if its representatives in Parliament and in Office are continually committing it to courses of which multitudes of its members profoundly disapprove?

Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw in the *National Review*.

♦♦

### "A Bouquet of Faded Flowers"

"Two hundred gentlemen" assembled in and about—mostly about—the House of Commons.

They had gathered to pass the third reading of the India Bill by 386 to 122. Some 50 of the 122 were Socialists. The rest were Conservatives.

The majority was the smallest obtained by the Government for its India policy in recent months. There were more than 90 abstentions.

When the figures were announced there was a cheer, a formal, unenthusiastic cheer. The "Two Hundred" having given this, their only contribution to the Indian debates, trooped away again.

It was Mr. Churchill who called them "two hundred gentlemen."



He delivered to them a valedictory address. He congratulated their ringmaster, Captain Margeson, Government Chief Whip, on having drilled them so well.

"A heavy responsibility rests on the 200," he said. "If grave disaster comes and deep confusion follows, they will not be able to forget the part they have played. A moral responsibility will rest upon them till the end of their days."

Others beside the "two hundred gentlemen" had felt Mr. Churchill's lash—Mr. Baldwin, whose claim that the Indian Princes, as well as "the overwhelming balance of opinion in the Indian Civil Service," were in favour of federal self-Government, had since been proved so hollow.

Mr. Churchill, turning upon the India Bill, smote it with high-swinging antitheses until it gave forth a hollow sound:

"In the name of liberty you have done what liberty disowns, in the name of theoretical progress you have opened the door to retrogression; in the name of appeasement of the popular will you have prescribed a course of endless drift."

And what of the Indian masses?

Just when they needed more British services, more hospitals, more irrigation, better hygiene, the

Government offered them "this bouquet of the faded flowers of Victorian Liberalism." The harassed, dumb, helpless millions in India were to be asked to pay from their scanty means for a political excursion in a Western char-a-banc.

*Morning Post.*

♦♦

### Japan Means It

Japan disembarks troops in Chinese ports, flies airplanes over Peking, holds troop trains in readiness to move south when needed.

Japan will take all China if she can. That is a prophecy, already quarter of a fact. Japan has taken quarter of China.

You should take a *live* interest in what Japan is doing.

British lives are pledged by the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 to defend the territorial integrity of China. They were pledged by the Treaty of 1839 to defend the territorial integrity of Belgium.

Belgium called on us to implement that bond in 1914.

Reports from the Far East say that China is appealing to the sanctity of the Nine-Power Treaty now.

Politicians sign Nine-Power Treaties and Locarno Pacts. Years later the people, who have got to defend these obligations, begin to realise what it was all about. *There is no time for arguing then.*

*Daily Express.*

♦♦

### The Milk Marketing Board

The Milk Marketing Board may be called one of the most important non-Government socialistic schemes ever put into practice in this country. Its officials were recruited not from the Government service, but from industry, and they are remunerated on a scale which consorts with the dignity and assumed importance of their office. Every farmer who owns four cows or more is compelled to contribute to the levy from which its revenues are derived, on a *per capita* or gallon ratio basis. At the moment of writing milk is graded under five or (is it?) six grades, the latest being labelled "accredited."

This elaborate grading may be a rather confusing prelude to improved and simplified methods in the marketing of milk. At the moment I gather that that many farmers are scratching their heads and wondering what material benefit they are deriving from a scheme for which admittedly they voted.

When the question of the continuance of the Board's activities comes up, there is bound to be a strong opinion among farmers that the scheme has proved one of those costly experiments of Socialism which keep down or harass the efficient in order to save from himself the incompetent.

*The Sphere.*

# Dangerous Cranks

By Kim

THE Prince of Wales—God bless him!—once more has proved to the nation how jealous he is to uphold the prestige of Britain. Last week he reminded the Officers' Training Corps at Berkhamsted School that discipline is an essential factor in life. His Royal Highness has ever kept before his eyes his ancient motto, "Ich Dien," and the principle of ordered service to King and Country regardless of self. And so should we.

The O.T.C., as he told the boys, has been attacked by people, who are "misguided" and even "cranks." They have persuaded themselves that the "only way they could express the feeling all of us have of abhorrence of war" is by discouraging or prohibiting—if they can—"any form of healthy discipline and training." No-one can deny this. No-one can question the fact, as the Prince of Wales pointed out, that discipline is an essential factor in life. The extraordinary thing is that the enemies of discipline in all matters pertaining to the national spirit, and to the building up of our national defences to national preparedness, are for the most part to be found in the ranks of the bellicose Socialist Party, who rely for their main support on the Trade Unions. Yet these depend on the discipline they can instil into their members, by forcing them to join, by compelling them in various ways to obey their dictators, and subscribe to their funds.

## A Frogs' Chorus

True, there are also a plentiful supply of such cranks among the Liberals, and unfortunately there are many among the clergy who deserve the epithet. All these cranks make up a chorus of severe disapproval, loud and utterly disproportionate to their true numbers. Yet our Ministers, instead of rebuking them as the Prince did rightly, always seem to be tuning in to their discordant song. We have not heard from a single responsible Minister of the Crown for the last fifteen years one robust speech which praised discipline, which advocated service to the state, which preached what Mussolini proudly boasts of his country, "organisation of the nation for war." It has been one continual "Dismal Jimmie" chorus of deploring preparation for war, of disarmament, of defeatism, and of cutting down our fighting services.

The present Government is worse than all its predecessors, because the re-armament of other Great Powers in the last five years has been a real issue and they have done nothing to meet it except wring their hands at the deplorable failure of other nations to follow their example and disarm below the point of safety.

Mr. George Lansbury is so far the only public man who has attempted to meet the Prince's reproof, by saying that if to oppose national defences was to be a crank, he was one. No-one

disputes it. Yet Mr. Lansbury is one of those who would have us apply "sanctions" to our old ally Japan, in order to assist China, whose woes are largely due to the Bolshevisation of that distressed country. He would have us threaten Italy also in regard to Abyssinia, which has no right to have ever been admitted to the League of Nations. Mr. Lansbury is one of a gang of other cranks, who on the one hand would plunge the nation into deplorable wars, not for the benefit or salvation of the British people—not at all—but for some altruistic motive to assist the weaker party, right or wrong, merely because they are opposed by *force majeure*.

Observe that the crank's mind in this wanton orgy of bloodshed would at the same time have no Army, Navy or Air Force, so that our unhappy nation, undisciplined, unprepared, would simply become cannon-fodder for the enemy, who had built up great armaments. The crank mind of Mr. Lansbury and those who think like him, is cheerfully resigned apparently to see unmoved the mass murder of untold Britons, whom they had sentenced to die without a hope because of their dreadful kink.

## The White Feather

At the same time even Mr. Lansbury is more honest than some others who have shown the white feather and are defeatists by act as well as thought, yet without admitting it. You find the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, whenever he has to square up to stern facts in other countries not far away, always blathers about disarmament as the aim of the Government. All our Ministers approach the question of our armed forces with apologies and hesitation as something they deplore that has to exist. They are all ashamed apparently of having to conceive such a possibility as a strong Army, Navy and Air Force. Quite ostentatiously Mr. Neville Chamberlain turns down Lady Houston's princely offer of a gift of £200,000 towards London's air defences, because it was a great and generous gesture of a patriot, and would help to strengthen our defences. What are foreign nations to think of a bunch of craven Ministers who are doing their best to neglect the national defences, discourage training or preparation, and leave the richest country and Empire in the world vulnerable to attack? These Ministerial apologetics are sheer hypocrisy and that is the price apparently politicians are ready to pay for the privilege of democracy.

Will the Prince of Wales' timely reminder that the nation needs discipline and that service is a duty owing to one's country be likely to find a response? There seems to be a conspiracy of silence on the subject.

# Tragic Jewels

By M. B.

**H**OW few people among the crowds who daily visit the Exhibition of Russian Art now being held at 1, Belgrave Square, know of the tragedies that lie behind the beautiful pieces of jewelry laid out in glass cases, the dim golden ikons on the walls, the richly engraved silver, the gleaming china and embroidery. They throng the big, light rooms, they chatter about their own affairs, they pause to wonder and exclaim in admiration, they go out again into the London streets, making their way to tea parties or receptions, ignorant of all the horrors that go to make a revolution!

And yet there is not one of those treasures now housed in Belgrave Square without a story, not one that does not speak of some tragedy, of despair and heartbreak. Those exquisite pieces of jewelry wrought by Fabergé, that greatest of artists, with their pathetic memories. Those gleaming, enamelled, jewelled eggs, were gifts from the late Tsar to the Tsarina on some bygone Easter day. That cigarette case and ashtray made for the Grand Duchess Elisabeth as a gift to the Grand Duke Serge. That pair of Bishop's cuffs from the Monastery of the Miracles in the Kremlin; that fan of mother of pearl set with precious stones, presented to the Dowager Empress at the launching of the battleship *Asov*. That gorgeous tiara of diamonds and sapphires which was once the property of the Grand Duchess Vladimir. That Chalice set with cameos and diamonds, designed by Catherine the Great and presented by her to the Convent of St. Alexander in St. Petersburg.

## A Pitiful Exhibit

And, most pitiful of all, with the memories it brings back to me, that exhibit, marked in the catalogue "Court Dress of Maid of Honour. Reign of Nicholas II." That glowing dress of carnation coloured velvet opening over an under dress of white satin, richly embroidered in gold, brings back pictures of ceremonies in the Winter Palace, of magnificence and beauty and grandeur all now passed away. The glitter and shimmer of uniforms, the stately procession of Grand Duchesses led by the small, stately figure of the Dowager Empress, the whisper of trains on the polished floor, the fire of jewels, the tap of an ivory cane of an old Court Chamberlain, the radiant face of a girl, only lately elected Maid of Honour, passing by me in that carnation velvet dress, her dark head crowned with the velvet Kakoshnik and long tulle veil, the coveted diamond cypher on the pale blue ribbon on her breast. Countess Nastia Hendrikoff, smiling at me a little shyly, the warm colour flushing her pretty cheeks. How I envied her that lovely dress, that diamond cypher, and the right to walk in that procession! Countess Nastia

Hendrikoff, brutally shot down by the Bolsheviks after months of imprisonment, facing death with a gay, gallant courage, dying with the name of the Empress she had served on her lips.

As I stood in that quiet London room the past came back to me. The old Court of Russia with its pomp and majesty, the red walls of the Winter Palace rising above the snow, the yellow Imperial standard with the double headed eagle fluttering above the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the golden spire of the Cathedral rising like a flame into the sky, the glimmering dome of St. Isaac's, the green roofs of the Admiralty, the blue waters of the Neva, the gleaming, stately palaces all along the quays.

## Avalanche of Injustice

What has happened to all this now? The priceless pictures of the Hermitage sold by the Soviet to pay for propaganda and the training and equipment of their new Red Army. The jewels of the Royal Regalia in the possession of the Government of the U.S.S.R., some of them already sold, others, like the famous yellow diamond in the Imperial sceptre, which was bought for Catherine the Great by her favourite Orloff for £40,000 and for which the Soviet are now asking two million. All those other riches seized by the Bolsheviks. The treasures of the palaces of Tsarkoe, Peterhof and Gatchina, the jewels stolen from private persons, the treasures of the Churches looted, melted down, dispersed, sold to bring more grist to the mills of the godless.

A drifting cloud of smoke, the spatter of machine guns, the shadow of the scarlet flag blots out the past . . . the names of Lenin, Trotzky, Stalin and Dzierjinski write themselves in letters of blood across the sky. Dzierjinski, the creator of the Tcheka, the madman who murdered thousands upon thousands of men, women and children. "Shooting people" Jaxa Rhoniker says in his book on this Red Executioner, "became the law of the St. Petersburg Tcheka, later of the Tchekas of all Russia. It is hard to conceive the avalanche of injustice, torture and cruelty. The zeal of Dzierjinski's agents was astonishing. The question is why? It was not from a feeling of duty, nor for profit, least of all in the hopes of distinguishing themselves. It was merely the passion of the hunter who pursues the quarry for the love of striking and finishing it off. Mainly it was the sadism of born torturers who had to torment their victims. The murdering of so many people roused in them the taste to be satisfied with more blood, and torture became for them an exquisite pleasure."

Dzierjinski is dead now, but others have taken his place, and the Ogpu which now reigns in Russia



is merely the Tcheka under a new name. Recently F. W. Memory wrote of his impressions of Moscow in the *Daily Mail*. "The OGPU," he said, "is rounding up not by dozens or scores, but literally by thousands those who are suspected of not being 100 per cent. Red. In Petrograd and Moscow arrests are being made at the rate of a thousand a day, and already 30,000 persons have been dealt with. Some have been sent to Siberia . . . others have just disappeared from the ken of their friends. To-day no man or woman is safe in Russia. And while this is going on Stalin and his friends have been trying to convince the world,

and particularly Great Britain, that the Bolsheviks are men of peace."

A mist of tears blurred my view of the red velvet dress, the chattering of the care-free, thoughtless crowd was in my ears again, the picture of the past faded; England, I remembered, was friends with the new Russia; not so far away the Soviet Embassy flew the flag of the U.S.S.R. and Englishmen met and shook hands with a man whose brothers and companions had helped to ruin a great empire, whose hands were stained with the blood of those who had formerly owned these treasures.

## PUBLIC ENEMIES

By Hamadryad

Had I the time—which I have not—

To earn the grateful public's thanks,  
I'd write a book, and make it hot,  
About the monstrous race of cranks,  
That loud, dishonest, dangerous crew  
Who, I am very glad to see,  
Are equally abhorrent to  
That wise young man, E.P.

They are so numerous and so loud,  
Their voices readily command  
Attention from the servile crowd  
Of public men who rule the land.  
Indeed, on running through the lists  
One cannot but observe the ease  
With which our inhibitionists  
Get themselves made M.P.s.

The crank pacific—he's the worst  
Of all the ill-conditioned breed,  
For while he shouts that war's accurst,  
Advice that we by no means need,  
He bellows insults near and far,  
Puts Mussolini in his place,  
And never tires of waging war  
On Hitler—with his face.

He trembles at the thought of blood,  
The sight of soldiers makes him sad,  
But no one else is half as good  
At getting foreign nations mad.  
The lethal gun he longs to ban,  
Yet he's the very first to say  
"Let's kick the trousers of Japan,  
And jump on Paraguay."

Then there's the uplift crank, to whom  
The simplest pleasures seem all wrong;  
The whey-faced killjoy, full of gloom,  
Who puts the lid on dance and song,  
Who pries into his neighbours' lives,  
And prates about the "demon Rum,"  
And not infrequently derives  
His income from a slum.

Cranks, anti-pub and anti-smoke  
And anti-cards and anti-sport,  
Who hold it wrong to make a joke,  
Or drink or play or bet or court,  
The smug, sabbatic hypocrites,  
The Scandal-smellers, Dora's Own,  
They trample on the people's rights,  
But carefully guard their own.

And what of all those cranky cranks  
Who say that England's had her day;  
Who want to meddle with the banks,  
And try to give our trade away;  
Who never cease to make a song  
About the starving Russian's plight,  
Yet claim that Britain's always wrong,  
The Bolshies always right.

Would they could never get their way,  
Those addle-pated folk who frown  
On all that England is to-day,  
And pine to turn it upside down!  
For if our statesmen would ignore  
The cranks and do the people's will,  
We should be mighty as of yore,  
And merry England still.

# Anti-Aircraft Defence

By Boyd Cable

ONE can pay Mr. Churchill the compliment of saying that he is one of the few—the very few of our statesmen who knows a good deal of what he talks about on the subject of air war and air defence; and it will not soon be forgotten how much more correct than our authorities he was in his estimate of German air strength.

In his recent speech in the House, however, when he urged a speeding up of research into methods of ground defences against air raiders, he made some remarks which seem to me to be rather unfair to our anti-aircraft defences and defenders in the War. He said that an enormous number of shells had been fired at aircraft "without, so far as his recollection served, any aeroplane having been visibly brought down from a great height."

There are facts which do not agree with this somewhat sweeping statement. In the last raid on London, thirty-four machines tried to reach that objective. Nearly two-thirds of them were turned back by the searchlights and the heavy barrages of bursting shells put up across their path.

## Useful Work

This in itself was useful work, because defence can be quite adequate if it turns attackers away from their target even without bringing any of them down. But the anti-aircraft forces did well also with those that got through. Thirteen reached London, and out of these three were shot down by shells, and three others were brought down by our air fighters.

We shall never know what success the German anti-aircraft gunners had in France, for the good reason that throughout the war our machines were working over enemy territory almost entirely. We never knew how many of those which failed to return had been hit by the German "Archie."

We do know, however, that hundreds of our machines got home riddled with anti-aircraft shrapnel and splinters. If any one of those had hit a vital spot we should have had one more missing, and it is improbable that so many should have been ineffectively hit without a fair proportion being brought down. We have still less to go upon as to the effectiveness of our own "Archie" in France because our gunners did not have a great deal of practice and I have known some of our batteries sit for weeks on end without seeing a target over to fire at.

In the German "Big Push" of 1918, however, when there was plenty of flying and air fighting near enough to or over the lines to keep the anti-aircraft gunners going, they showed that they could shoot to hit. In ten days of March, four of our batteries destroyed seventeen enemy aircraft and

damaged twelve others which were just able to get back over their lines.

Mr. Churchill also referred to "the old question of balloons carrying huge wire aprons which was being hopefully examined in the last year of the war." This again is somewhat unfair to our anti-aircraft defences and to General Ashmore who I believe originated or adopted the balloon aprons in 1917 and had them in use to the end of the war.

The balloons were linked together by cables from which long wires hung down. The balloons were anchored at a height of up to about 16,000 or 17,000 feet, and although the apron wires were light and thin they were of tough material and were quite enough to bring down a machine that flew into them.

## War-time Principles Changed

Even although no machine was actually brought down in the aprons, they served their purpose of keeping the raiders at full height, the pilots knowing of the aprons and dreading them. Keeping the bombers so high served the double purpose again of making it more difficult for them to aim accurately at particular targets, and of reducing the depth of air the gunners had to fill with their shell barrages.

But there are few of the war-time principles of anti-aircraft defence which have not now completely changed. In the war, fog, mist, clouds and rain were the unbeatable enemies of the raiders. Such weather conditions are now the raiders' friends because they blind the defenders' searchlights and gunners, and leave nothing to aim at except a sound.

In the war even if the "Archie" shells did not hit an enemy machine, the smoke bursts by day and the flashes by night were a signal and a sign-post to the defending aircraft and drew them straight to their target. Read such a war book as that by Baron Richthofen and note how often you find in his reports "My attention being attracted by shell bursts, I flew towards them."

It comes back to the same old story—that our best and safest means of defence is in attack. By all means let us intensify research into methods of ground anti-aircraft defence, but at the same time putting our main reliance in an Air Force built up to such strength in the number and performance of our bombers that any other nation will shrink from bombing us for fear of the greater and more destructive reprisals we could promptly make.

In 1937 we shall still be a very long way behind other nations in air strength, even under the present expansion plans, unless they stand still for the next two years to let us catch up. The present signs in this are very much the other way.



# The Mission of Japan

By Robert Machray

**W**HEN last Monday Parliament resumed after the Whitsun recess and the new Front Bench, a none too dexterous reshuffling of the old by Mr. Baldwin, faced the House of Commons, general attention was fixed on Sir Samuel Hoare, now Foreign Secretary, far more than on anyone else. No doubt a good deal of this interest was purely personal. His appointment to what in these highly dangerous times must be called the key position in the Government had been sharply criticised—with good reason because of India and the policy of surrender therewith, and also because of his not being much in touch with foreign affairs of late years.

But for months past it had been known that it was Sir Samuel's ambition to occupy this post, and Mr. Baldwin, of course, has given it to him in recognition of his services in working the India Bill through the House, though all he really had to do was to sit tight, and have the necessary majorities collected and registered. But foreign affairs have a very different background, which may be described in one ominous and formidable word—intractability, arising from the unending conflict of national hopes and fears, purposes and aims, aspirations and even dreams of power.

## Policy of Expansion

Not alone were members of Parliament asking how the new Foreign Secretary would face up to this position; it was a question that was being discussed by pretty well every diplomat of importance in the world. Sir Samuel had a first opportunity that Monday afternoon of appearing in the House in his new rôle, and the principal subject he had to deal with was one of quite exceptional significance and sweep and—intractability, namely, the fresh stage in the Far Eastern crisis caused by the advance of Japan beyond the Great Wall into North China.

Sensational reports had been published in the papers of the presentation of an ultimatum by Japan to China and of an appeal China had consequently made to the Western Powers including the United States, to the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty, to the League of Nations and so forth, for assistance. The facts of the case are scarcely in dispute. Having taken over Manchuria and some contiguous regions in Mongolia, Japan has endowed them with a form of independent Government, and is now bent on making that Government secure by withdrawing or rather causing to withdraw from that great stretch of territory every kind of hostile influence or pressure on the part of the Nanking or other distinctively Chinese Government.

That is the immediate explanation of Japan's action in North China, but realists must further admit that Japan has been and is steadily pursuing a policy of expansion on the Asian mainland. It

began years ago, and means securing outlets for her ever-increasing population and raw materials, as well as markets, for her manufacturers. All this was put very clearly before the Council of the League by Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese delegate, in 1933. Early this year Mr. Hirota, Japan's Foreign Minister, amplified this policy by stating that it aimed at restoring law and order, and hence making for prosperity, in China, with whom Japan desired good and friendly relations, because these were essential to Japan's own interests.

## A Constant Danger

Japan's case is simply that the disorganisation of China is a constant and tremendous danger to her, and that the only possible way of obviating this danger and at the same time of improving conditions for the Chinese is for her to take in hand the reorganisation of China. Nobody can deny that China needs to be reorganised—the Chinese themselves are well aware of it. The effort must be prodigious, but the Japanese regard it as their "Mission," and in effect warn all other nations not to interfere with it. That is the situation—in all its intractability. What had the new Foreign Secretary to say about it?

His statement, delivered in a mechanical, reserved manner, was not particularly illuminating. After touching on China's great economic difficulties, he none the less said there had been some improvement in her political position as regards stability, but disquieting developments had taken place in North China. He decidedly overstressed the improvement that had taken place, and all he had to observe about the action of Japan south of the Great Wall was that he was in communication with the British representatives in Tokyo and Nanking and through them with the Japanese and Chinese Governments.

Nothing was said about his being in communication with the American Government on the subject, but reports from Washington disclose that our Ambassador there had been busy discussing it with the U.S. State Department, which corresponds to our Foreign Office. A concerted move seems to be in view, but it should be remembered that America no longer occupies with respect to the Far East that almost predominant position she held in 1922 when the Washington Treaties were signed. That position has since clearly passed to Japan.

At the behest of America the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was terminated—sacrificed is perhaps a better word—on the grounds of political expediency, but fortunately this questionable act did not altogether kill the friendly feeling for Japan that existed then and still exists in England. In the Far East, as in Europe, we have to face the facts of the actual situation with a policy of realism—and it is with Japan that we have to make our account.



# The Blood Festival at Meknès

By an English *Légionnaire*

Meknès (By Air Mail).

**J**UST as the British are often called upon to intervene between Mohammedan and Hindu in India, so, in her North African colonies must France be continually on the alert to prevent friction between two sects which are always at loggerheads—Mussulman and Jew. In the case of the French, however, it is more a matter of protecting a non-warlike race from its belligerent antagonists than intervening in a clash between two more or less equal forces. Collectively, the Jews are never the aggressors, for apart from their natural antipathy to fighting, they are hopelessly outnumbered. Most especially when some Mohammedan feast comes round is the time for the Jew to go to ground, his "earth" being stopped up and guarded by the French military authorities.

I am writing this during the *Fête Aïssaouas*, or "*Fête du Sang*" as it is usually called in Meknès. This feast is one which is peculiar to the region. June 25th is the anniversary of the nativity of Mahomet, but just as in our Christian religion we have the Western Church observing one calendar while the Orthodox Church observes another, so in this part of the Mussulman world the birth of the Prophet is being observed on Friday, June 14th. The feast is preceded by a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Sidi Shihil Kamel, one of the greatest of Mohammedan Saints.

## Feasting and Dancing

As Macaulay's schoolboy knows—or ought to know—Mahomet's only son died without issue, so he ordered that his daughters' descendants should be looked up to and revered as if they had been his sons. Sidi Shihil Kamel—there are several spellings, but I adopt the popular one here—was the son of his elder daughter and gained much renown as prophet, saint and evangelist, converting hundreds of thousands to the Mussulman creed. He died in this ancient city of the Moors and his "Marabout" even to-day towers above the neighbouring mosques and buildings.

For the past five or six days, thousands of Arabs, men, women and children, have been pouring into Meknès from many parts of Morocco. Many made the journey in traditional manner, but not a few availed themselves of modern means of transport. It has been no uncommon sight to see motor-buses (Arab-owned and driven) arriving on the outskirts of the town packed to capacity not only inside, but on top as well, those on the roof clinging for dear life to the luggage rail. As Arab drivers delight in speed and in taking unnecessary risks, I am certain that most of the pilgrims said more prayers during the few hours of their journey than they would normally say in a lifetime. During their stay, the pilgrims sleep huddled together in the streets and open spaces

and why a plague does not follow, Allah alone knows.

From Wednesday evening until Friday morning at 8 o'clock—the hour of the Prophet's birth—feasting and dancing go on almost without a stop. Live sheep and bullocks are literally torn to pieces and men, women and children gorge themselves with the raw, dripping flesh—hence



Gathering for the *Fête du Sang*, June 14th, 1935

the popular name for the fête. As Wednesday and Thursday are considered to be similar to the days before Mahomet was born, women go unveiled and all may indulge in alcoholic beverages and eat what they wish, with the exception of course, of pork. They believe that if they assist at the religious ceremonies on the Friday morning they will be granted a sort of free pardon for all sins, at the moment of performing the ablutions preparatory to entering the Mosques.

The "*Fête du Sang*" has been forbidden for various reasons in all Moroccan cities save Meknès. Those who are acquainted with the rabbit warren like nature of the medina at Fez and its counterpart at Marrakesh will understand how grave might be the consequences if thousands of fanatics were allowed to congregate therein.

The Arab and Jewish quarters of Meknès are situated on the other side of the river from the European town and at a distance of about a mile from the latter. On Wednesday not a Jew was to be seen and in the afternoon the troops began their duties. Meknès is the largest garrison town in Morocco, which is just as well.

The Foreign Legion, as usual, is given the place of honour, or, as most *Légionnaires*, obliviously to the "honour," grouching call it—the dirty work. Split up in sections of twelve men commanded by a sous-officier they guard the Jewish quarter, allowing no Jew to leave, and no Arab to enter it. They

are all posted at the entrance to the Arab town to prevent Europeans from entering, for their life would not be a good insurance risk at this time.

All troops who are not on this duty are confined to barracks, ready at a moment's notice to don equipment and go off at the double should a scrap materialise. The tanks are ready, the Artillerie Coloniale have their guns trained on strategic points and the Aviation are ready to take to the air at once, should the necessity arise.

The result of the orgies is, on the physical side, on a par with what one sees in India and the East. Having worked themselves into a state of religious frenzy, the Arabs perform such feats as glass-swallowing, handling, sucking and walking on red-hot coals, etc., while remaining totally impervious to pain and it is at this stage that the trouble, if trouble there is to be, is most likely to start, and if it is not nipped in the bud, in spite of troops, guns, tanks and aeroplanes, in an hour's time not a European or Jew would be left alive in Meknès.

Now-a-days we must be doubly watchful for Communist agitators in the guise of pilgrims. The Constantine affair started as a religious dispute over an Arab woman marrying a Jew, but the hell-spawn of Moscow were not slow to seize their chance and fan the flames.

During the "Fête du Sang" black is a colour which affects the Arab as the proverbial red rag affects the bull. In 1933 two European women who, somehow or other had eluded the pickets and entered the Arab town to get a better view of proceedings were set upon by an infuriated crowd and done to death, and all because one of them was wearing a black dress!

Anybody attempting to photograph the fête risks not only punishment from the French authorities, but what is a thousand times worse, if the Arabs catch him . . . well, may Allah be kind, for his name is mud!

We shall be glad when Sunday morning comes and a general exodus begins. It is not like a scrap in the field (except that one is waiting for an undefined and problematical zero hour), for one's front and attackers, if there should be a scrap, might be at any of a number of points, and the strain and inactivity are irksome.

However, "Carpe diem" is the unofficial motto of the Legion and when it is all over, on Monday we shall have "quartier libre" to make up for the extra duty, and as the fortnightly pay will be paid on that day, it is a certainty that in a few hours' time the Legion in Meknès will have forgotten for another year the Fête Aissaouas, for, like everything else out here, it's all in the day's work.

## Economics of the Super Liner

By a Naval Correspondent

**A**T a capital cost of just over £10,000,000, New York has been brought about ten hours closer to Europe. The giant liner *Normandie* has captured the blue riband of the Atlantic with a new record for the crossing.

These are the bare facts of one of the most incredible ventures of modern times. The craze for speed and luxury have started a competition in commercial shipbuilding that bids fair to ruin the whole industry. No passenger line can face the capital expenditure of these huge vessels, any more than they can stand the probable annual loss on operating account. Instead of a healthy, self-supporting industry, we contemplate the spectacle of a state-subsidised venture forever becoming more and more rapacious in its demands on the public purse.

Germany started the game with the two great liners *Bremen* and *Europa*. They were built with the aid of foreign loans, loans which are now in default. Italy followed suit with the state-subsidised *Rex*, with France and ourselves continuing the mad game with the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary*. Where it will end no one can say. There is already talk of a sister ship to the *Queen Mary*, and it is quite certain that the other countries interested in the North Atlantic trade will finance a bid for part of the available traffic.

In the case of the *Normandie*, the French line and the country admit that the vessel can never

be run at a profit. Indeed, how can any single vessel ever earn a fair return on such a colossal capital outlay? Four per cent. on the sum sunk in constructing the ship would call for an annual net profit on operating account of no less than £400,000, while depreciation, based on twenty years of useful life, needs a further half a million pounds. What it amounts to, then, is that a ship of this size must earn a profit of something like a million pounds a year before it can justify its construction.

There is another aspect of the case that has rather escaped notice up to the present. The American commercial air line across the Pacific has, by its great success, focussed attention on the possibilities of a similar service across the Atlantic. The route has already been surveyed and flown in stages and the next two or three years should see it established with a regular service. Though naturally, it will not take the whole of the trans-Atlantic traffic, it will attract those to whom the time taken on the crossing is of real importance. Where then does the value of those two or three hours saved by the liner come in? Their main object is defeated and they come into line with the other and less impressive competitors on the sea route. Though they can never earn a profit, they can and will prevent any other ship from doing so by taking the cream of the passenger traffic. And where is the value of the subsidy in that?



# H.R.H. Ambassador of Empire

By H. Warner Allen

**W**HEN the Prince of Wales made his first tour through Canada in 1919 he inaugurated that series of journeys which has gained for him the title of the Ambassador of Empire. No man ever took his apprenticeship more seriously. He threw himself heart and soul into the business of drawing closer the bonds between the mother country and the Dominions and prepared himself for his mission with high seriousness and unfailing patience.

First of all he set himself to become an orator. He refused to take the easy way. It was suggested to him that he need only read his speeches. Crossing the continent and back in a train that stopped at every place of the slightest importance, he was doomed to make speeches by the hundred, often several in one day. It seemed an almost impossible task to commit them all to memory, for he was engaged on a delicate mission and the exact wording of his utterances was often of profound importance.

## *Painstaking Energy*

From the first he set his face against this short cut, knowing how great is the gulf fixed between the speech that is read and the speech that is spoken as if it came spontaneously from the speaker's heart. With painstaking energy he learnt his speeches and hardly made use of notes. To begin with he suffered badly from nervousness. But by degrees nervousness and hesitation disappeared. By the time the Prince had crossed Canada he had mastered the art of public speaking, but his success did not make him careless. During the night crossing from Vancouver to Victoria he paced the deck after most of his party had retired to their cabins and could be heard repeating in a low voice over and over again the main passages of the speech that he was to deliver next day.

The situation in Canada at that time was far from favourable. There had been serious rioting at Winnipeg between the police and Reds, and the suggestion that the Prince should omit this town from his visit was freely made. It was distinctly a risky undertaking, but the Prince insisted.

Things began badly. At the station after the arrival of the royal train, a detective managed to drop his automatic and it went off on the platform. For a moment it was believed that a shot had been fired at the Prince, but happily anything like a panic was nipped in the bud by the authorities.

## *A Fine Gesture*

When the Prince got into his car outside the station, a strong escort of scarlet-coated North West mounted police, "mounties," closed round it ready for any eventuality. They had moved on a few hundred yards or so in this formation when

the Prince stopped the procession. He insisted on his escort being divided into two bodies, the one riding some fifty yards ahead, the other fifty yards behind his car, so that everyone might have an unimpeded view of him and realise his confidence in their loyalty. This gesture instantly won the hearts of the crowd and nowhere was he more heartily cheered than in the supposedly "red" city of Winnipeg.

Canada at this time was suffering like the United States from the gloomy disease of Prohibition. Quebec, it is true, had refused to appoint agents to enforce the law, but in Newfoundland the poor had been reduced to drinking, with appalling results, a certain form of shoe polish which was rich in alcohol. It was no easy matter to arouse enthusiasm at banquets where guests were trying to make merry on ginger "pop" served in Champagne glasses.

## *Triumph of His Smile*

Against this atmosphere of depression the Prince's smile was all-powerful. Indeed that whole journey through Canada might be described as the triumph of his smile which prevailed over every difficulty and disappointment.

Speeches and handshaking must have been a nightmare. How many thousand times he shook hands with loyal Canadians was not recorded, but there were many who, not content with one handshake in one town took train to the next place on the line to have the honour of a second handshake. The result was very painful neuritis, but the Prince persisted and shook hands with his left when his right was disabled.

The Prince wound up his tour by a visit to the United States and officials expressed serious doubts as to the reception he would receive. People were still discussing the problem as to who had won the war and quite a number of Americans for some mysterious reason persisted in fathering on this country their own President's creation, the League of Nations.

At Washington the police took extraordinary precautions. The programme was hushed in secrecy and the general public had no idea where they could see the Prince. Beyond certain official ceremonies and receptions he might not have been in Washington, until he intervened just as he did at Winnipeg. The police unwillingly relaxed their excessive precautions and the Prince was greeted with a wave of enthusiasm which culminated in the magnificent welcome given to him in New York, a welcome that did more to improve the relations between the two countries than any amount of diplomatic notes and official correspondence.



## Eve in Paris

THE death of Dr. Marcombes, Minister of Education, came as a shock to Parliamentary circles. Called to the Elysée for a Cabinet meeting, Dr. Marcombes arrived early, and was chatting with a few punctual friends when to their horror, suddenly, the Minister collapsed into the arms of a colleague, murmuring faintly, "I am ill, quick, a doctor." At this moment Pierre Laval, an intimate of the sick man, entered the room; physicians summoned in haste could only announce the end as inevitable and near. Dr. Marcombes died soon after. He will be a loss to the Laval Ministry.

A FAVOURITE resort near Paris is Chantilly, with its Château containing valuable books and paintings bequeathed by the Duc d'Aumale to the Institut in trust for the French nation, its glorious forest, and famous racecourse. The French Oaks, the Prix de Diane, always attracts an ultra-fashionable crowd. It was run in perfect weather, and for the first time this season feminine Summer fashions appeared in their full glory. Twenty-one fillies competed; the Rothschild stables being again lucky and winning with Peniche, admirably ridden by young Villecourt, who is proving a clever jockey. Brantôme provided the sensation of the day. On his way to compete for the Prix de Dangu, he thought of a pleasanter way of spending the afternoon, kicked off his rider, and disappeared into the forest depths. It was feared that the horse might injure himself and be unable to contest the Ascot Gold Cup, but he appeared later, none the worse for his escapade. All the great owners and devotees of the turf were represented at the meeting; the Aga Khan, and the Begum, in black *crêpe de chine* dotted with white; Princesse de Faucigny Lucinge, in blue, with large velvet hat; Madame Jean Stern, in brown and grège, with toque of flowers. Baronne Edouard de Rothschild, overwhelmed by friendly congratulations, wore emerald green and an immense green felt hat.

FAMOUS for many years past in the aeronautic world, the Farmans are a flying family: they not only construct aeroplanes; they use them constantly, naturally, as a bird its wings, being at home in the element newly conquered by man. Madame Henri Farman has flown ever since 1916. With her husband she inaugurated the commercial air-lines between Paris and London, and between Paris and Brussels; Madame Dick Farman possesses three aviator sons; Madame Maurice Farman is an intrepid airwoman; her pretty daughter commenced flights at the age of three, and the small children are air-minded as their mother. These ladies all collaborate with the Marquise de Noailles, President of the French "Aviation Sanitaire

Féminine," whose excellent work won the approval and thanks of such organisers as Maréchal Lyautey, Général Denain, and Général Cheutin. Considered by men chiefly from military and commercial viewpoints, women have seen in aviation a means of relieving human suffering. In Syria and Morocco it has already saved thousands of lives, medical help, nurses and supplies being available swiftly in remote places possessing no roads for motor transport, no means to combat accidents or epidemics. The feminine branch of the Aéro Club de France owns at present sixteen flying hospital-ships, light, well-equipped; it requires a hundred. The Marquise de Noailles, in her "Pelican," flies indefatigably, carrying on propaganda for a noble cause.

THE comedy of Philibert Besson continues, introducing yet another amazing personality. Police authorities have evidently given up hopes of arresting the ex-Deputy of Le Puy, against whom has been issued a warrant, in consequence of which the Chamber expelled this black sheep from its fold. The outlaw has been living peacefully, cared for by devout followers in his retreat. When an election was announced to provide a new member for the constituency, he resumed his activities, and himself appointed his successor, ordering the peasants to vote for his friend and champion, M. Archer. His commands were obeyed. And, stranger even than the late Deputy for Le Puy, is its present representative! An engineer of note and inventor of a field-gun which did service, calmly and quietly he puts forward astounding ideas. Interviewed on taking his seat in the Chamber, he said: "We have France behind us, Philibert and I. When Parliament reassembles, I will call a meeting in the Place de la Concorde; and he will arrive by air, acclaimed by a million supporters."

MADAME LEBRUN'S trip to New York and back in the wonder-ship Normandie proved a great success. She thoroughly enjoyed a new experience and, simple and kindly, made herself extremely popular. No wife of a French President has ever before crossed the seas to pay an official visit. Madame Lebrun speaks enthusiastically of her meeting with the First Lady in America, and the "Normandie" seems to have drawn the two Republics together, judging by the reciprocally-flattering Press comments in both lands, after a period of criticism and coolness. Claude Farrere was entertained on his return by the American Club in Paris, and the eminent writer gave his impressions of "Normandie's" maiden trip, and of his visit to New York. "I shall never," he said, "forget the reception we were accorded."

## RACING

# What Wragg Really Did

By David Learmonth

**I**T was announced recently that Harry Wragg had been warned by the stewards about his riding in the Derby. The stewards said—so far as one can judge, quite a remarkably long time after the event—that they understood he had pulled out in order that Bahram should have a clear passage.

Wragg admitted that he had pulled out, as he had been afraid that Bahram might get shut in; but added that he had done nothing which could have jeopardised the chances of his own mount.

This is the bare report of what happened which appeared in the Press; but the subject raised is of far-reaching importance and is deserving of detailed examination. To examine it properly one has to go back to the beginning of a long story.

Until a few years ago an owner who ran more than one horse in a race was entitled to "declare to win" with one of them. This meant that in the final stages of the race, when it was obvious that the owner's other horse must beat every animal belonging to other owners, should his second string, by some miscalculation, be beating the horse with which the owner had declared to win, the rider of that second string could pull up his mount to allow the declared animal to pass the post first.

## Owner's Declaration

The rule did *not* mean that the second string could be pulled out of the winning position unless its jockey was certain that, in such an event, the owner's declared animal would win. Consequently, strictly according to the rules, the jockey of the second string was not entitled to take any course during the race with the object of securing his stable companion an unobstructed passage which would involve his going out of his way or doing anything else which would jeopardise his own mount's chance.

Unfortunately there were a number of cases in which the horse with which an owner had declared to win was beaten out of a place and the unconsidered one won. This happened in nearly every case to the horses of owners who did not bet and whose animals had, consequently, not been formally tried at home. The occurrences were merely unfortunate; both the owners and trainers were absolutely above suspicion. But the more ignorant section of the public, disgruntled because they had lost their money, began to talk.

Other reasons have been given for the decision of the Jockey Club to rescind the rule allowing an owner to declare to win; but undoubtedly this was the most cogent. Consequently, a declaration to win is now a thing of the past.

We must now turn to the betting side. In France, and in several other countries where the

totalisator reigns supreme, when an owner runs more than one horse in a race all these are bracketed together and the backer is on any one of them that happens to win. Thus, had the Derby been run in France, backers of Bahram, Theft or Hairan would have won, whichever of the Aga Khan's trio had passed the post first. The price, naturally, would probably have been shorter.

In France there is little object in such a rule as that under which Wragg was censured, because the backers of Theft would be quite content so long as Bahram won. In England, however, this would be but poor consolation, for they would have lost their money. The object of the rule should now be clear; what we have now to examine is whether a jockey who pulls out to let another horse through is necessarily jeopardising his own chance. The answer, of course, depends upon circumstances.

## Theft's Weakness

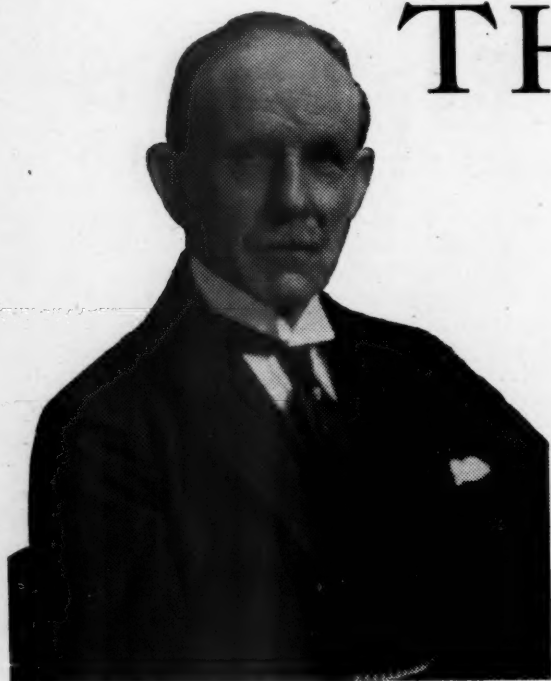
Suppose two bad horses are in the lead in a slow-run race and you are behind the outside of the pair on a fast animal which is a poor stayer. Inside and next to you is the danger, an animal whose *forte* is staying power but which has not the pace of your own mount. In such a case the obvious policy is to remain in this position until the last possible moment in order to box in your rival until it is too late for his staying power to take away the speed of your own horse. To let your rival through in the early stages of such a race would definitely be jeopardising your own chance.

But if the race were run at a strong pace you might well be in the same position and decide that it was inadvisable to continue so fast. In such a case, even though by dropping back you let your rival through, you would be acting more judiciously than by continuing at a pace at which you knew your horse could not get the course.

Theft, undoubtedly, is not a genuine stayer. By Tetratema out of a mare from the Volta and Valens line, he could hardly be so. In a fast-run race, therefore, Wragg would have to ride a very patient race indeed. The Derby of this year was not a fast-run race, as Derby's go; but it was fast enough to find out the weakness in Theft. Wragg, therefore, was perfectly justified in his patience and in arguing to himself that taking a pull at the moment when he did would not prejudice his chances.

If he had maintained his position, it is quite true that he might have hampered Fox on Bahram, though I doubt personally that this would have been so. But the rules do not say that a jockey must hamper if possible the smooth passage of the other horses belonging to his employer, and here it is, I think, that the juridical aspect of the case has been misapprehended by the stewards. Mr. Weatherby's phrase-making has, not for the first time, defeated them.





Marquess of Salisbury, K.G.

**W**ARREN HASTINGS, the chief architect of the Indian Empire, and Disraeli, who secured for the Sovereign the Imperial diadem, are both credited with the prophecy that if the Indian Empire was ever lost to us, it would be lost on the floor of the House of Commons.

The recent passing of the India Bill through the Commons by an immense majority has gone far to justify that prophecy, for, though the Bill retains the shadow of British Sovereignty, it transfers all the substance of civil power and authority to the control of Indian politicians, the majority of whom openly declare that they will—as Mr. de Valera has done in the Free State—get rid of the last vestiges of British authority as early as possible.

#### *A Significant Warning*

All this has been in accordance with the policy of Mr. MacDonald, who, as head of the minority Socialist Government, declared in January, 1926, that their intention was to transfer responsibility for the Government of India from the British Parliament to Indian Legislatures, central and provincial, with certain temporary safeguards, till the surrender of British responsibility should be completed.

On the day when that pronouncement was made, one of the most distinguished Indians of to-day thus described it in the writer's hearing to the present Prime Minister:—

"To-day, Sir, you are throwing away your Empire. You are opening the gates of India to the invader; and you are preparing the way for civil war in my country!"

It looks as if the event would justify his words.

Few thought that when the Socialist party was flung out, nine months later, the National

# THE LORDS

Government which succeeded it would meekly accept this particular item in the Socialist policy and, without any mandate from the country, use all the machinery and influence at their disposal in India and here to embody it in a Statute.

Such, however, has been the case. The Bill has been forced through the Commons, not by weight of argument, for the patent objections to it have never been met; not because it commands wide acceptance, for political opinion in India is hostile, while its supporters here at most regard it with serious misgivings; not because it will benefit the Indian masses, for whose welfare Parliament is trustee, while they are minors politically. Indeed their interests have been callously ignored throughout, for the Bill sacrifices an efficient and beneficent administration which has been mainly built up by the British element in the various Services, now under notice to quit, to an unworkable political theory.

The present position has been drifted into because the promoters of the Bill rashly accepted the theory that India's 353 millions, divided by the most bitter antagonisms of race, creed and culture, and held together only by impartial British authority, had reached a stage of political development when they could take control of their own destinies, subject to certain illusory safeguards—the futility of which we have seen in the Irish Treaty—during the period of transition.

The Government, in fact, cannot—as they think—retreat without dishonour, while, as their critics think, they cannot advance without disaster.

#### *Some of the Main Defects*

That is the situation with which the House of Lords will have to deal within the next few weeks. Fortunately, that Chamber still possesses an independent judgment, in strong contrast with the docile and subservient majority in the Commons whom the "crack of the Whip" has brought to heel; it also is imbued with the traditions of the Empire as well as possessing wide administrative experience.

Those qualities will enable it to expose and to remedy the gross blunders of a measure in the framing of which no trained Indian administrators had a share, and which was put together by politicians for politicians.

Most of the ground has already been covered by the amendments moved in the Commons. But these, owing to their number and the complexity of the Bill, often failed to secure adequate discussion.

The more elastic procedure in the Lords will give facilities for more searching criticism of the defects of the Bill in principle and also in the major details. A few of them may be noted here.

*Partnership.*—Both Lord Halifax and Sir Samuel Hoare have repeatedly stated that the basic principle is a Partnership between Great Britain, British India and the Indian Princes, "with the



# STO THE RESCUE of INDIA

interests of each partner effectively safeguarded."

How are British interests safeguarded? Apart from the Governor-General and the Governors of Provinces, the British element is eliminated (1) from the Civil Executive Government completely; (2) from the Legislatures almost completely, for the nominated officials, who hitherto supplied administrative knowledge and an impartial outlook as between the hostile sections, are to disappear as being undemocratic, while the Indian States are to *nominate* one-third or more of the members of the Central Legislature, who will usually be State officials; (3) from the Services, the British elements in which have made India what it is to-day, but which (with a respite for the I.C.S. and the Police) are now, including the Irrigation and Forest Services, to be sacrificed as a sop to the Indian politicians regardless of the interests of the masses, who look to them for clean and efficient administration.

**Finance.**—If the Bill were admirable in every other respect, it is likely to be wrecked on the rock of finance. The solvency of the Central Government is now only maintained by heavy surcharges on existing taxes, especially Customs, and by suspending part of the Sinking Fund; while seven out of the nine Provinces have been in deficit for at least three years.

On the top of this the Bill will involve increased expenditure, Central and Provincial, which Sir Samuel Hoare puts at £5,000,000, Sir Malcolm Hailey (a former Finance Member) at £8,000,000, and Sir George Schuster, late Finance Member, in his Budget speech of 1933, at £8,250,000 for the Central Government, or, adding the share of income-tax to the Provinces, at £15,000,000.

An addition of even £8,000,000 on a total budget, central and provincial, of £115,000,000, would be equivalent to an addition of £50,000,000 to our British budget of £720,000,000.

But in India to-day, owing to the continued agricultural depression, the revenue tends to fall rather than to rise, and to ask the peoples of India to pay an extra eight or ten or fifteen millions for a scheme which none of them wants would be the height of injustice.

The Government should be held to its promise in para. 32 of the White Paper, that the *pre-requisites* of the new Constitution, provincial and federal, are

"that the Indian budgetary position should be assured; that the existing short-term debt, both in India and in London, should be substantially reduced; that adequate reserves should have been accumulated; and that India's normal export surplus should be restored."

Those conditions are certainly not fulfilled at present.

**Federation.**—The whole scheme for Central Responsibility is based on the groundless assumption that the Princes as a body wish to federate with British India, and would only do so if Central responsibility were granted. Both those arguments have been repudiated publicly by the Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, and even the substantial inducements offered to many of the States, by

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By SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER

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remission of taxes amounting to £750,000 if they accede to the Federation, have failed to secure their general acceptance.

Thus the basis of Federation is unsound. In any case a Federal system, wanting in homogeneity of its components and lacking cohesion, is absolutely unsuitable to Indian conditions.

### **Perilous division of Authority**

**Security.**—The greatest achievement of British rule in India is that, with an army of 60,000 British and 160,000 Indian and a Police Force of 180,000, officered by 600 British and 200 Indians, it has for the first time in India's long history protected her from invasion and serious internal disturbance.

That wonderful result has been attained not by force but by British prestige and by the fact that the Army and Police were under *our* authority and worked, as the writer can testify from personal experience, in the closest co-operation.

The Bill places the Army under the Governor-General, the police under Indian Ministers, and this division of authority is sure to produce disastrous results.

Thus the Bill as it left the Commons signally fails to secure the interests of the British partner; it attempts to set up prematurely an artificial Federation devoid of cohesion and stability; it imperils the essentials of good administration by eliminating the British element in the great Services that have brought India to its present stage of development; it endangers the very foundations of internal security and sacrifices the interests of the masses to the ambitions of a small body of Indian politicians; finally, it is based on unsound finance and would impose an almost intolerable burden of new taxation.

May we hope that, before the Bill leaves the Lords, these and other defects will be remedied.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Britain's Greatest Patriot

SIR,—I regard Lady Houston as the greatest British patriot of this era.

When, some day, an unprejudiced history of Great Britain and these times comes to be written, Lady Houston will be cited as one of the few public characters whose patriotism was inherently spontaneous.

It is easy for Statesmen and M.P.'s to indulge in vociferous, patriotic-sounding flap-doodle. It costs them nothing. But how many of them are so truly conscientiously patriotic as to forget their own interests and, if necessary, to sacrifice their all for what they believe to be the welfare of their country?

Far from doing that, Cabinet Ministers, irrespective of party, parliamentarians, and permanent high officials one and all daily smother the promptings of their consciences and act contrary to them, rather than jeopardise their careers by resigning their posts.

Had the standard of parliamentary patriotism in the British Isles been higher during the ten years immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, our Navy and Army would have been larger and, in consequence, the chances are that catastrophe could have been prevented.

It is possible that many people reading this letter may say: "It is very easy for Lady Houston to be patriotic; she is so wealthy." True, Lady Houston is wealthy, but she is by no means the only wealthy person in the land. Yet, what spontaneously generous public service have these other wealthy people ever rendered with their vast riches, compared with what Lady Houston has over and over again tried to do with her money?

They may have handed out many thousands of pounds, ostensibly for some public purpose; but what in nine cases out of ten has been lurking at the back of their minds has been some personal, ambitious desire, either to acquire a title, or to obtain parliamentary promotion or some other advantage.

Animated by no wish for social, political, commercial or any other sort of personal aggrandisement, Lady Houston has on many occasions offered the British Government of the day hundreds of thousands of pounds for national purposes, and it was not through lack of persuasion on her part that her offers were invariably declined.

Had Lady Houston's oft reiterated public entreaties been listened to by the Government, and her magnificent patriotic offer to give £200,000 for the Air Defence of London been accepted, England would not be in the parlously vulnerable air position that it is to-day.

24, Neville Street,

Onslow Gardens, S.W.7. I. GRAHAM SCOTT.

## Our Socialist Leader

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

In these days of blatant eulogy of those highly placed heroes, Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin, it is refreshing to turn to the *Saturday Review* and find there the opinions of a true patriot.

What have Mr. Baldwin or Mr. MacDonald done for England or the Empire except to do them immense harm?

If their precious India Bill becomes law, we shall soon be witnessing the rapid decline and fall of the British Empire. Sir Samuel Hoare has suddenly washed his hands, like Pilate, of the whole thing, and possibly got the horrors, after proudly boasting of its enormous volume and huge portent.

Mr. Baldwin has always claimed the responsibility for forcing on India the Government that no Indian wanted, and, like those eager Jews of old, is doubtless willing to face the coming bloodshed.

But why in the name of common sense should the Conservative electorate be asked to give their votes to a leader who has always sold them in every way and is even now arranging to put Liberal and Socialist candidates into purely Conservative constituencies wherever possible, so, by degrees, to eliminate altogether the Conservative element?

Those two grievous enemies of British agriculture, Walter Elliott and Runciman, remain to scourge the farmer and producer, and to prove how many long suffering fools there are in our so-called free country.

But the General Election is not far off and a good many constituencies will give surprising results. Surely the common sense of the British voter, so long dormant, will at last assert itself when given the long denied chance?

Meanwhile, dear lady, continue your noble fight and may you eventually have a great victory.

P. BEACH THOMAS.

Kingsmoor End, Kilgetty.

## Gratitude from Nelson

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Please pardon me taking the liberty to write you, but I want to thank you for your kindness to our town, which has been such a disgrace to the country.

The council does not represent the citizens. Nelson used to be a town we were proud of, before these abominable Socialists came from other towns because they could earn good money in the mills here.

I am 78 years old, born here, and at one time knew everyone—real good people they were.

Thanking you again for your handsome gift and good words. (Mrs.) J. HOWARTH.

412, Leeds Road,  
Nelson, Lancs.

[The Socialist Town Council of Nelson, Lancs., refused to make any arrangements to mark Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee; but unofficial celebrations were held on June 15th and 22nd.—Ed.]

## Half Truths from Haig House

SIR,—The "No Secrecy" slogan of the British Legion was once again exposed at the Conference on Sunday last. Press and public were excluded while a statement was made as to the settlement of two cases in which the Legion was involved.

It is, I think, a great pity that one of these cases at least did not come into Court, for the public would have had the opportunity of hearing some enlightening evidence.

Naturally the statement made to the delegates after the exclusion of the public was soon known to others.

The astonishing feature is that it was the Legion who inserted as a condition of the settlement with Mr. Carroll that the terms should be kept secret! Yet, having made this condition, the terms thereof were divulged to about 1,000 delegates!

The serious point, I find on further inquiry, is that a certain essential condition of that settlement was not disclosed, thereby creating, intentionally or otherwise, a misleading impression on the minds of the delegates. This condition, I understand, was that all charges and innuendoes made against Mr. Carroll by the Legion Authorities were unreservedly withdrawn.

As the Legion, in disclosing part of the terms, have apparently broken the agreement, it is to be hoped that Mr. Carroll will supply the missing facts.

I. F. RUSHBROOK.

## The India Bill and Sheep-Dog Trials

SIR,—I must protest against this comparison of Mr. Woodford's, in your issue of May 25. Our M.P.'s may resemble sheep; but their leaders are unworthy to be named in the same paragraph as that brave, intelligent, faithful guardian of his master's property, the sheep-dog.

Can anybody imagine a sheep-dog passing a Bill to hand over one of his master's flocks to the leopards of their native land?

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

Orleigh, Ipplepen,  
Newton Abbot.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## Why Not Conscription?

DEAR MADAM,

It is with intense satisfaction that I notice in the *Saturday Review* your strong advocacy of conscription for Great Britain. At present Great Britain is rapidly declining into an A3 nation.

The very fact that nearly 60 per cent. of the men offering themselves for the Army are rejected as being unfit shows the degeneration of our manhood to-day. The Englishmen of to-day prefer to loaf about the streets and live on the dole rather than join the Army. The British Army, small as it is, is below strength; and yet there are thousands of youths available who prefer to idle and degenerate into flabby men.

England is forgetting that in order to preserve her freedom she must be strong—strong both on the land, sea, and in the air. We should never have had the last war if England had had conscription twenty-five years ago; and if we had had a million trained men to enter the war, the war would not have lasted six months.

Even without the fear of war, conscription would benefit the growing manhood of the nation. Our Youths would benefit with the discipline; their physique and morale would improve beyond all dreams, and England could once more keep the peace of the world, not by flabby diplomacy, but by armed strength, which is the only thing that counts in a world full of irreligion and materialism.

The Socialists' idea is peace at any price, which means national extinction. Flabbiness is not freedom; it leads to bondage and starvation. What we want is more youth and vision leading the nation, instead of a lot of old, worn out men with one leg in the grave.

Surely England cannot lack leaders amongst our younger men? They cannot all be "flanneled fools and muddled oafs?"

Box 824, Port Elizabeth,  
South Africa.

OVERSEAS BRITON.

## The Modern Bull-Dog

SIR,—I regret to see in your issue of 25th May, that a Mr. Lupton has launched a fresh attack against *this grand breed, which is all British*. I think it was the same Mr. Lupton who wrote in the same strain over ten years ago, to a number of papers, bewailing that the "poor cripple" should be held up as typical of the British spirit, and that he was "deformed in every part of his body," etc., etc.

I was then commissioned to write an article in defence of the Bull-dog's reputation. I hold no brief for any breed of dog, though I have my objections to a few; but, whilst I had no adverse criticism of my article, I had many letters supporting it. So I thought I had "debunked" the ideas of a man who, so far as I could discover, was unknown to anyone in "doggy" circles.

My article was illustrated, showing three Bull-dogs then in my kennels, one of about 70 lbs. weight, not an athlete, but well able to fight if driven to it. Now may I quote: "Two others are younger and lighter. They frequently jump their kennel partitions, over 5 feet high—a thing rarely done by dogs I have known. Not much 'cripple' or 'deformity' about any of these. They are all highly bred animals" . . . etc.

If Mr. Lupton—or anyone—wants further proof, let him see the *Evening News* notice of the Ideal Home Exhibition in their issue of 8th April, 1934, and he may be surprised to find that a Bull-dog weighing over 60 lbs., named "Barley Boy of Putney," "astonished an audience by leaping time after time, a height of 4 ft. 6 in. into and out of his kennel."

One might as well try to oust the lion and unicorn from favour as to dislodge from his eminent position the British Bull-dog, which I maintain still typifies the British Spirit.

J. E. POWER.

Cavalry Club,  
127, Piccadilly.

(Major).

## Prohibitive Duties

SIR,—For the past 15 years, since 1920, the wine and spirit trades have been disastrously taxed. Successive Governments, pandering to teetotal clamourings, have done all that is possible to stop the sale of wine, beer, and spirits, with a resulting enormous loss of revenue and widespread unemployment.

Ever since the present ruinous duty on spirits was imposed there has been a decline in revenue from this source, because the commodity is over-taxed. In 1920, the duty on spirits was 50/- per proof gallon and the revenue was 59 millions. In the last financial year the duty was 72/- per proof gallon and the resulting revenue only 32 millions, a loss to the exchequer of 27 millions.

The tax on beer has, admittedly, been reduced from the disastrous "emergency" level of 1931. But it is still quite inequitable, being nearly 1,000 per cent. higher than in pre-war days and a grievous burden both on the trade and on the working man, to whom good ale is food as well as drink and who is forced to buy an inferior brew at an inflated price.

LONDONER.

## The Trapping of Rabbits

SIR,—It is rather unfortunate that the Gin Traps (prohibition) Bill, which is sponsored by the University of London Animal Welfare Society, 68, Torrington Square, W.C.1, should have been defeated by three votes in the House of Lords.

Those who opposed it probably do not know that there are at least ten other efficient ways of keeping rabbits down, and also that gins are now superseded for rats by a far more efficient device called the Gripper rat trap, which is recommended by all the humane societies.

It has been definitely proved both here and in Australia that rabbits actually increase in numbers when gins are used; so this is bound to go on, to the detriment of farming, until gins are abolished.

People now realise that the highly fevered meat of rabbits that have obviously been tortured in traps is not very wholesome as food; and this has resulted in many shopkeepers displaying bold notices "All Rabbits Humanely Killed" instead of "Trapped Rabbits For Sale," which is decidedly a move in the right direction.

Readers of the *Saturday Review* should write for our illustrated humane trapping leaflet, which gives up-to-date methods of trapping all animals humanely, even moles. We also supply our leaflet on the Fur Crusade, which tells you which furs can be worn with a clear conscience.

C. VAN DER BYL (Major),

The Fur Crusade and Humane  
Trapping Campaign.

Wappenham,  
Towcester, Northants.

## Japanese Competition

(From Mr. John R. Remer, M.P.)

SIR,—As far as the ever evasive "Anglo-Japanese Committee" is concerned, the quest for figures comparing Japanese wages with British wages might go on until Domesday. Please, in effect, says the Committee's "Hon. Secretary," please do not let us talk about anything so vulgar as wages; let us rather discuss efficiency.

May we take it, therefore, that the real wages of the Japanese textile worker are in fact as calculated in my last letter to you, about one-fourth those of the British textile worker?

If we may, and if, in these circumstances, the Anglo-Japanese relations Committee are inviting the British worker to consent to the dumping of sweated goods in this country, what does the "Committee" imagine will be the first delicate inquiry from the British worker? He will ask: Who are the members of this Anglo-Japanese Relations Committee, and just why is its bias all in favour of Japan?

JOHN R. REMER.

18-20, York Buildings,  
Adelphi, W.C.2.

## MOTORING

# Your Car is Not a Machine

By Sefton Cummings

**E**VER since its inception the motor car has suffered by being compared to a horse. "The horse is *not* a machine" one reads in the racing columns of newspapers, in treatises on the art of equitation, everywhere, in fact where the short-comings of the *genus equus* have to be explained.

Unfortunately, this oft repeated truism has given people the idea that a machine is something which just works without any attention at all. The horse is not a machine. Oh! dear no. He must be groomed, fed and humoured and treated with constant understanding if the best is to be got out of him. But the machine is quite unlike the horse. It is a conglomeration of inorganic matter, a mass of wheels and other contrivances which go round and round, provided one puts some petrol in the tank and a little oil in the sump.

Of course the machine wears out in time. It cannot be expected to last for ever. And there are bound to be minor breakdowns, ignition failure and perhaps, once in a way, a broken half shaft. But that, of course, is either faulty construction or fair wear and tear.

Is it? Although in these days he has remarkably little trouble, so soundly is the modern car constructed, many an owner-driver has double the amount of mechanical trouble he should have. In nine cases out of ten it is due to a misconception of that fatal phrase "the horse is not a machine." In other words the motor car is.

## Systematic Attention

If the phrase had run "the motor car is a delicate mechanism with less power even than an animal of telling its owner that it is not feeling well" the average machine would be much better treated and last much longer than it does to-day.

One of the most remarkable features about motorists, from my own observation, is the number who seem to think that the engine, and possibly the gear box, are the only parts of their car which really matter. They will keep the oil in the sump up to the correct level, put some lubricant into the gear box, shoot a drop of oil into the timing gear, and consider themselves all set for another thousand miles.

Having remembered to their detriment that the horse is not a machine they have forgotten the other maxim, "no feet, no horse." In other words, if the transmission of their car is neglected, something will happen one day which will render the engine about as useful as a boat in the Sahara desert.

If owner-drivers would put aside one evening in the week to attend to their cars systematically they would find themselves amply repaid for their trouble, both in the matter of ultimate

expense, to say nothing of the inconvenience of having their car out of commission at the very time that they most want it.

It is very seldom that a car breaks down in one act. There are nearly always signs and portents if one takes the trouble to look for them.

Let us start with the engine. The first thing to remember is that oil deteriorates and the sump must, therefore, be thoroughly drained every so often and refilled with fresh oil. This is dinned into drivers by every firm of manufacturers; but I make no apology for repeating it because I know that in an incredible number of cases this advice falls upon deaf ears.

Then how often do we hear a squeak in the engine of a car and, on pointing this out, are told lightly that it is only some trivial part or even that it has never been traced to its source but that, since it has been going on for a long time, it cannot be anything serious, otherwise something would have happened.

## Lack of Lubrication

The truth is that whenever a moving part makes a squeak, something is wearing out. Lack of lubrication is the cause in nine cases out of ten. But more may be wrong, such as a faulty gland on an old car fitted with a water pump which has caused the pump shaft bearings to rust. Obviously it pays to dismantle this at once and put the matter right before the mechanism seizes up altogether. Ignition trouble is looked upon by many motorists as an act of God entirely beyond their control. But in very many cases this is gradual and not sudden, though the end may appear to come suddenly.

An owner-driver should test his spark at intervals and if it is weak—a clue to which will be difficulty in starting—he should look into the matter at once. In the case of a car with magneto ignition, if there is any leakage involving even a suspicion of a short circuit he will find the armature burnt out one day and it will cost him over three pounds to have it rewound.

In the case of dynamo and coil ignition the same thing applies. If the dynamo does not appear to be charging properly, do not wait to see what happens and hope for the best. In the Summer when lights are not much used, there may remain sufficient electricity to fire the engine for a very long time. Gradually, however, the damage will accumulate. The dynamo will charge less and less until finally it peters out altogether. Then there will be a large bill, both for re-winding the dynamo and probably for new accumulators. Last, but by no means least, remember that you have a back axle which requires greasing, to say nothing of springs, and that tyres will last longer if the wheels are changed about.



# Ballet Again

By Philip Page

**L**ONDON takes its ballet—and first-rate ballet at that—as a matter of course in these years of grace and appreciation of things graceful. It was not ever thus. A quarter of a century ago ballet meant short terpsichorean interludes at the Empire and Alhambra music-halls, varied only by occasional exhibitions by such supreme yet widely different artists as Pavlova and Adeline Genée.

Diajhieff changed all that and Col. de Basil, whose Ballets Russes are now at Covent Garden, is a more than worthy Elisha. A very wide section indeed of the play-going public is acutely ballet conscious; books on ballet, written by loving and sometimes, by hysterically enthusiastic experts, appear at short and regular intervals; a new word, "balletomania," has found its way into the vocabulary of the faithful.

It is good that dancing should thus be regarded as a worthy and distinct means of artistic expression, and not be tacked on to an operatic or variety programme as a mere adornment. Operatic ballet, in particular, as supplied by the dancers on the premises for such operas ("Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Carmen") as happen to need it was usually a slipshod affair, as unexciting as the stock scenery and almost as shabby. The closing moments of this year's opera season at Covent Garden were enlivened by three performances of special significance in which the revelry in Act II of "Prince Igor" was undertaken by the members of the Ballets Russes, fresh from Monte Carlo, which gave them their name.

## Full-blooded Enthusiasm

With the best ballet in the world, attended regularly by effusive supporters, Covent Garden is now very much on the map. Your "balletomane" gives tongue in the foyer during the intervals, and the social aspirant is hardly less critical and certainly makes no less noise. Lovers of "The Ring" disappeared between the acts for sandwiches and searching analysis, digesting both in comparative silence. Covent Garden ballet engenders excited chatter and nearly as much of the spirit of carnival as the Covent Garden balls of one's youth.

The enthusiasm is so full-blooded that I marvel that our British ballet, with its very considerable achievements at the Old Vic. and elsewhere, finds the course so difficult and that the career of the admirable Camargo Society was so chequered. No doubt the British dancer and the British opera singer are beset by much the same obstacles. Yet the Ballets Russes are not praised merely because they really are Russian. The achievement is dazzlingly high, not only in the case of the principals, whose names are as familiar in the mouths of the faithful as are film stars to their "fans"; the

*corps de ballet* has, since an uncertain start on the opening night in "La Boutique Fantasque," shown itself to be as near perfect as is humanly possible.

A study of the programmes reveals that classical or semi-classical ballets are preferred. That is a change from the policy of a few years ago, and, I think, a change for the better. Possibly ballet is one of the few artistic mediums to which the law of progress does not apply. Grace and beauty can be expressed by the human form only within certain fixed boundaries; oddity can be easily overdone and one soon tires of it. The tendency to exploit oddity for the sake of oddity and to produce ballets in which the dancers indulged in quaint postures before Euclidean scenery to the accompaniment of spiky little chunks of cacophony has disappeared.

## The Younger School

The playing of the London Philharmonic Orchestra has so far struck me as being rather below its standard during the opera season. That is probably due to the fact that it is rather tired. Also, although its conductors know their job as ballet conductors, no one would suggest that they are of the school of Furtwangler and Sir Thomas Beecham, their immediate predecessors. Notably was this exemplified in the playing of the Tchaikovsky symphony which we know in ballet form as "Les Presages"; I have never heard this familiar work sound so slipshod, from the purely musical point of view. Brahms "ballet-fied," too, is poor stuff at any time, particularly after one has heard the symphony conducted at the Queen's Hall by Toscanini.

Of the younger school of dancers, now with us again, only Mlle. Riabovchinska has the exquisite grace and finish of Mlle. Danilova, whose "cancan" is still the chief feature of "La Boutique Fantasque." Col. de Basil's "young ladies" (to borrow from Mr. C. B. Cochran) have, I understand, ceased to play with dolls and are now adults, though not yet out of their 'teens. Mlle. Baranova is really first-class. Mlle. Toumanova has a large following and any amount of determination, as the way she hurled herself into a Russian Tarentilla indicated; she does equally good work in her *pas seul* in "Aurora's Wedding"—Tchaikovsky ballet music at its best. But she is inclined to display energy at the expense of grace and, although she has improved, her sense of rhythm is still deficient. Of the gallant colonel's young men M. David Lichine is incomparably the best.

Indeed, a luscious treat all round from our "balletomanes," I trust that when the Ballets Russes set out again on their travels some enthusiasm will be left for British Ballet. It is not undeserving—an over-modest description.

## New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

**C**UBA has, or perhaps one ought to say, should have a particular interest for our sentimental politicians in that it has provided a useful lesson regarding the dangers of a too impatient idealism.

For thirty years after the United States embarked on the experiment of letting Cuba govern itself the record was one of steady and continuous deterioration in every branch of the administration and in everything that affected the well-being of the population.

The politically-minded classes showed themselves incapable of exercising their political responsibilities; bribery and corruption flourished and increased till the stage was ultimately set for the gangster rule of murder and intimidation of President Machado.

Since the latter's overthrow two years ago matters political (if not economic) have undoubtedly improved, though there are not wanting competent authorities who gravely question the wisdom of President Roosevelt's action in 1934 in abrogating the "Platt Amendment" to the Cuban constitution and thus waiving the States' right to intervene in Cuban affairs.

### The Cuban Temperament

Mr. Hudson Strode, who gives us a colourful history of Cuba from the days of Christopher Columbus' landing there to the year 1934, ends his chronicle on an optimistic note. He thinks that the abrogation of the Platt Amendment may bring about an awakening in the Cubans of a true sense of responsibility and that relations with the States will be more friendly and cordial than before.

But from what he tells us of the Cuban temperament—its "joyous sensitivity to those aspects of life which have no market value," its dislike to be "pinned down" to definite engagements, its liability to sudden storms and equally sudden lulls of tranquillity and forgetfulness—one is justified perhaps in feeling a trifle sceptical as to the possibility of the Cubans ever acquiring the political capacity essential for any form of democratic government.

Mr. Strode tells us that chaos might well have followed the overthrow of the Machado régime had it not been for the presence of one man, the present Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the "ex-Sergeant King-maker" and quondam soldier-clerk, Colonel Batista, who, according to Mr. Strode, "is a bantam in size, with a body of steel and a jaw of bronze," and possesses "the inherent dramatic sense so essential to demagogues, to dictators like Mussolini and Hitler." The picture is suggestive of future possibilities!

### The Limitations of Cardinal Wolsey

There have been several excellent biographies published in Messrs. Duckworth's "Great Lives" series, and not the least interesting of these volumes

is the latest to appear, that on Cardinal Wolsey by Mr. Ashley Sampson.

Wolsey; Mr. Ashley Sampson contends, owed a great deal first to the good fortunes of his early life, which paved the way for his advancement into Royal favour, and secondly to a strong personality. He had powerful intelligence, but no real imaginative vision.

"He is one of the very few instances in history of a man who achieved what he did because of his limitations. It was his lack of insight which made him daring, his lack of vision that kept him floating when another might have sunk, and his total inability to smell a danger until it had assumed some bodily reality that saved him from a panic which might have ruined him."

### The Novels

"Saturday Island" introduces us to the strangest pair of castaways ever shipwrecked on a lonely island. It makes delightful reading because of the humour and verve with which it is written. "Madam I'll Give You" is a novel with an unusual background, but full of interest owing to the author's skill in presenting a large and varied cast of convincing characters. "Captain Conan," a Balkan tale of the confused period immediately succeeding the Armistice, in its original French won an important literary prize and appears to have lost nothing in effectiveness in its translation into English. "Jagged Skyline" is a gripping story of Switzerland and of two contrasting natures, with tragedy as the climax.

Mr. Dornford Yates can always be relied on for stirring adventure with just the right element of romance to accompany it, and "She Fell Among Thieves" is of his best.

### Selected List of Books

**History:** "The Pageant of Cuba," by Hudson Strode (Jarrolds, with 16 photogravure illustrations, 18s.).

**Biography:** "Wolsey," by Ashley Sampson (Duckworth "Great Lives" series, 2s.).

### Fiction

"Saturday Island," by Hugh Brooke (Heinemann); "Madam I'll Give You," by Kathleen Wallace (Heinemann); "Captain Conan," by Roger Verel (Constable); "A War Without A Hero," by G. E. Trevelyan (Secker); "Pendulum Swing," by Mary Mitchell (Heinemann); "Saint Eustace and the Albatross," by Desmond Ryan (Arthur Barker); "Jagged Skyline," by Mary Dunstan (Constable); "Nancy Brown," by H. P. McGraw (Heinemann); "Jonlys The Witch" by Princess Paul Troubetzkoy (Methuen).

**Adventure, Crime and Mystery:** "She Fell Among Thieves," by Dornford Yates (Hodder and Stoughton).

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2/- The French Riviera	2/- The Italian Riviera
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LECTURES by Ralph Darlington, F.R.G.S. on Egypt, Greece, Palestine, The Upper Nile, Rhodesia, Kenya and Equatorial Africa.  
R. Darlington, Llangollen.



# The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

## REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

### LICENSED

**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10. Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**.—Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24. Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, Tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH**, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 5. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, Golf. Shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST**.—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL**.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards, Very moderate.

**BOURNE END**, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE**.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles; Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL**, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon. 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON**, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., 4½ gns. W.E. from 22/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS**, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6. Din., 5/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD**, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15s. per day. Golf, Trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS**, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 36; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun. 3/6. Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, dancing.

**BUTTERMERE**, via Cockermouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13s. 6d. and 15s. per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

**CALLANDER**, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6d. Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE**.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 17s. 6d. per day. Golf, 5 miles; fishing, tennis.

**CARDIFF**.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E., (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Bkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY**.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYDERWEN**.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-; Lun., 1/6. Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE**, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3/10s. W.E., 12s. per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON**, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10s. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWNDERRY**, CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed., 9. Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35s. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DULVERTON**, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE**.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

**ELY**, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15s. Lun., 3s. 6d. Din., 5s. Boating.

**FALMOUTH**, Cornwall.—The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Veian. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW**, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66. Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5s. Lun., 3s. Din., 5s. Tennis, Golf.

**GLASGOW**, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchhall Street, Charing Cross. Bed., 110; Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN**, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns. W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE**, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25. Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 16s. per day. Tennis Courts. Golf, swimming riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON**, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25s. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 35s. to 47s. 6d. Tennis, golf.

**HAYWARDS HEATH**, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**HERNE BAY**.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., fr. 4 gns. W.E. fr. 45s. Golf, bowls, tennis bathing.

**ILFRACOMBE**, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Over-looking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE** Hotel, High Street, Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13s. 6d. per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY**.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Lun., 3/6. Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK**, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH**.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LANGOLLEN**.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort, fishing, golf. H. & C.

**LANWRTYD WELLS**, Central Wales.—Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter, £4 7s. 6d.; sum., £4 15s. W.E., 30s. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

**LOCH AWE**, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON**.—Barkston Gardens Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns. Tennis.

**GOLE** Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE** Hotel, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10s. Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA**, 25 and 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

**SHAPTESBURY** Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 3 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7s. 6d., double 13s. 6d.

**THE PLAZA** Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16s. 6d. Lun., 3/6. Din., 4/6.

**LOSSIEMOUTH**, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16s. 6d. W.E., 36/- to 45/-; Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH**, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 43. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10s. W.E., £1 7s. Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70. Rec., 9. Pens., 24. W.E., 36s. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL** Hotel. Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-; 5 Hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

**NEWTON STEWART**, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to 24. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

**NITON**, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from £1 17s. 6d. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM**, Surrey.—The Hantboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4s. 6d. Tea, 1s. 9d. Din., 6s. Golf.

**PADSTOW**, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson." Padstow.

**PAIGNTON**, DEVON.—Redcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns. from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E. 15s. to 18s. per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH**, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/-; Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

**PETERBOROUGH**.—Saracens Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH**, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK**, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £6. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

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**SALISBURY**, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 839.

**SALOP**.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7. Rec., 1. Pens., 5s. Lun., 3s. and 3s. 6d. Golf, Forderminster.

**SCARBOROUGH**, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL** Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 66. Rec., 5. Din., 6/-; Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH**.—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

**SOUTH Uist**, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**STOKE-ON-TRENT**.—Victoria Hotel. Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16. Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

**STOCKBRIDGE**, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast 8s. 6d., double 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

**STRANRAER**, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

**TEIGNMOUTH**, Devon.—Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

**TEWKESBURY**, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

**TORQUAY**.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

**PALM COURT** Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns. winter. 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-; Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

**TYNDRUM**, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30. Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3s. 6d. Tea, 1s. 6d. Din., 5s. Sup., 3s. 6d. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

**VIRGINIA** Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4/15/6. W.E., £1/17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

**WALTON-ON-NAZE**.—Hotel Porto Bello. Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

**WARWICK**.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55. Rec., 4. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon. 33s. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

**WINDERMERE**.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8s. 6d. Golf, 3s. 6d. daily.

**YARMOUTH**.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6. Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

### UNLICENSED

**BLACKPOOL**.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

**BOURNEMOUTH**.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road, 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

## HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

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**QUEENS ROAD** Hotel, 100, Queens Road. Pens., 2½ gns. W.E., 1 gn. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. G. Golf.

**BRIGG**, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3/10/0. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

**BRISTOL**. — Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

**BUDE**, N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs View. — Pens. from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

**BURNISLAND**, Fifeshire. — Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens. from £3/10/- W.E., 30/- Golf, bathing, bowls.

**CHELMSFORD**, Essex. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 2/6. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

**CHELTENHAM SPA**. — Visit The Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

**PLYMOUTH** Hotel, Ltd., Pens., £3 13s. 6d. W.E., £1 15/- Lun., 3/- Din., 5/- Golf, polo.

**DAWLISH**, S. Devon. — Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendaal, prop.

**EASTBOURNE**. — Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. — Bed., 15. Pens. from 3 gns. W.E., from 10s. 6d. per day. Golf, Tennis. Winter Garden.

**EDINBURGH**. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. — Pens. from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing, tennis.

**FALMOUTH**, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. Phone: 141.

**MADEIRA PRIVATE** Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 68; Rec., 6. Pens. from 3 to 5 gns. W.E., Sat to Mon., 25/- Tennis, golf.

**FELIXSTOWE**, SUFFOLK. — Bracon-dale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns. W.E. 21s. to 30s. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

**FERNDOWN**, Dorset. — The Links, Wim-borne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns. W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; 5/- (Aug., Sept.).

**FOLKESTONE**. — Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

**THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE** Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 28/- Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

**GOSWOLD**, Yorkshire. — Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

**GODALMING**. — Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

**HEREFORD**. — The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 25/- to 30/- Golf, fishing, boating, swimming, tennis.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey. — Whitwell Hatch — a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

**HASTINGS**. — Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 130 rooms. Telephone 751, 762.

**HOLMBROOK**, Cumberland. — Carleton Green Hotel. Pens., 4 gns.; Golf, Seascale 18-hole. Fishing, shooting, sea-bathing, mountain scenery, tennis.

**ILFRACOMBE**. — Candor Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

**THE OSBORNE PRIVATE** Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 19/- per day. Golf, Bowls.

**DILKUSA**. — GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

**IMPERIAL** Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Write for Tariff.

**INVERNESS**. — Huntley Lodge Hotel. Mrs. J. Macdonald, proprietress.

**LEAMINGTON SPA**. — Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 12; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf 4 mile away. Tennis bowls, croquet.

**SPA** Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

**LEICESTER**. — Grantham, 57 and 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 25/6. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/- Golf, tennis.

**LINCOLN**. — Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/- Golf.

**LOCH-SHIEL**, Argyll. — Ardshealach Hotel, Acharracle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £1 10/- Lun., 3/6. Din., 4/- G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**LONDON**. — Alexandra Hotel. (A quiet hotel) 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place. London. W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d.

**ARLINGTON HOUSE** Hotel, 13, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

**ARTILLERY MANSIONS** Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

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**CORA** Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom.: 230 Guests. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8s. 6d.

**KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS** Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

**LADBROKE** Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ gns. to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

**LIDLINGTON** Hotel, 7, Liddington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8128. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/- Tea, 1/- Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

**MANOR** Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single, from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

**NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL** Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

**OLD CEDARS** Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 30/- G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

**PALACE GATE** Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., 30s.

**RAYMOND'S PRIVATE** Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12s. 6d.

**REDLANDS** Hotel, 9, Leicester Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6. Din., 3/- Garden.

**STANLEY** Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns. 4 gns. double. Tennis.

**SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE**, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10, Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

**STRATHALLAN** Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

**WEST CENTRAL** Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T. Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6.

**WOODHALL** Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

**LYNTON**, N. Devon. — Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2/10/- Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

**MORTHOE**, N. Devon. — Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Lun., 3/6. Tea, 1/6. Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**. — Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T. Jesmond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single rm. 7/6. Garden.

**THE OSBORNE** Hotel, Jesmond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12s. 6d. W.E., £1 7s. 6d. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

**OXFORD**. — Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., £1 17s. 6d. Lun., 2/- Din., 3/-

**PHILLACK**, Hayle, Cornwall. — Riviere Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

**SCARBOROUGH**, Yorks. — Riveira Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17s. 6. W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

**SHAFESBURY**, Dorset. — Coombe House Hotel. — Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., 42/- to 57/- Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

**SHANKLIN**, I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. — Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 12s. to 15s. per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

**SOUTHSEA**, HANTS. — Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

**STROUD**, Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, Riding.

**TENBY**, Pem. — Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns. W.E., 30/- to 55/- Tennis, Golf, fishing, bathing.

**TORQUAY**. — Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road. — Bed., 30. Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30s. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

**GLEN DEVON** Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, Golf.

**NETHWAY PRIVATE** Hotel, Falkland Road. — Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 9s. day. Golf, Tennis, fishing.

**TORQUAY**. — (Sunleigh Court, Livermead). Walk from lovely house, secluded garden to quiet sands in 3 minutes. 73/- and 84/- Riding. Phone 65925.

**UIG**, Isle of Skye. — Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot 3/6. Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

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**CORNWALL**. — GUESTS RECEIVED. Lovely country. Safe bathing. Excellent centre, min. beach. Vegetarian diet if required. Miss Oxenham, Chyvean, Portmellon, Mevagissey.

**FARMHOUSE** accommodation; good views and healthy terms moderate. — Galliford, Staddon, Bradford, Brandis Corner, Devon.

**N. DEVON**. — BOARD RESIDENCE. Heard, Warmleigh Farm, Hartland.

**N. 131, HOLLAND PARK AVENUE**, N.W.11. — Board-residence at moderate inclusive terms. Best food. Quietly run house. Special attention given to individual requirements. Park 2465.

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**TORQUAY**. — (Sunleigh Court, Livermead). Walk from lovely house, secluded garden to quiet sands in 3 minutes. 73/- and 84/- Riding.

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**RIVIERA**. — SMALL COMFORTABLY FURNISHED FLAT facing South and over-looking the sea; 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom. £9 per month, 3 months £24. Pension if desired. See Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

## MISCELLANEOUS

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# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## "The Boss" Goes Home

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

MR. J. A. LYONS, Prime Minister of Australia—affectionately to his staff, "The Boss,"—has left London for Canberra after a stay of three months.

His despatch box may not have included the kind of formula to deal with meat exports which he left Australia in the hope of obtaining, for Mr. J. H. Thomas is not one to leave any Dominion illusions intact. But in so far as personality counts in Imperial relationships, Mr. Lyons can look back upon his visit with justifiable pride.

A Prime Minister who has never before been abroad, especially one who has been celebrated more for plain language than adroitness, is always, in his progress in London, a subject of speculative interest to his countrymen at home and abroad.

In the more rabidly nationalistic organs of the Australian Press, there were warnings to Mr. Lyons of the penalties of "going English." There never was any danger of that; and if he did not go to the other extreme of self-assertiveness, it was not for lack of baiting by Mr. Thomas, who has his own ideas upon the appropriateness of public occasions for remarks which might have drawn a crushing reply from a guest of less forbearance.

Everywhere in England Mr. Lyons has had what Australians call "a good trot." From State occasions downwards he preserved the friendly ease which is his distinguishing characteristic. He will long remember the "coo-ees" and cheerfully affectionate shouts of "Good old Joe" from knots of Australians assembled along the Strand as he drove in a State landau with Mrs. Lyons in the King's Jubilee procession.

His visit to England must indeed be pronounced a great success. As an apostle of goodwill and imperial sentiment, no better representative of Australia could have been sent to this country.

Only in Scotland did a distressing incident occur. While Mr. Lyons was receiving the Freedom of Edinburgh a body of bigots interrupted the ceremony by noisy protests that such an honour should be accorded to a Roman Catholic. Edinburgh is the last place where a distinguished and sincerely respected Australian might expect such inexcusable rudeness, if only from a few.

Apart from their intrinsic boorishness, the yahoos chose a bad target. Mr. Lyons is the most tolerant of Roman Catholics, and with the official apology which immediately was forthcoming, he will know how much importance to attach to a demonstration which Australians of all creeds will resent.

## Empire Diary

June 22—Film at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington—"Commonwealth of Australia."

June 22—Jubilee Ball in aid of the National Jubilee Thank-Offering Fund. Phyllis Court Club.

June 23—The Prince of Wales's Birthday.

June 23-29—Film at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington—"Union of South Africa."

June 24—All England Lawn Tennis Championships open at Wimbledon.

June 25—Her Majesty the Queen holds the Third Court at Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess of York at the dancing matinée performance at the London Hippodrome, arranged by Miss Vacani, in aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children.

The Debutantes' Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Ealing.

Lecture at the Royal African Society, at 4.30 p.m., by Mrs. Tawse Jollie, O.B.E., on "Native Administration in Southern Rhodesia" (Sir Cecil H. Rodwell, G.C.M.G., late Governor of Southern Rhodesia, will preside).

June 26—Fourth Court at Buckingham Palace.

Annual Reception of the Royal Empire Society, at the Imperial Institute, at 8.30.

June 27—Reception of His Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Overseas League. East African Meeting, at 4 p.m.

Lecture at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, on "Citrus Industry of South Africa—Life on an Orange Plantation," by Commander the Hon. Sereld Hay, O.B.E., at 2.30 p.m.

## Grocers on Tour

A PARTY of British grocers are to tour Canada this summer. Last year a similar venture was undertaken under the title of "The Maple Leaf Tour" and was very successful. The idea was to give our retail distributors an insight into the methods and conditions of food production in the Dominion.

This year the party will leave on August 9 and will return on September 7.

In order that young men who might not otherwise be able to go might have an opportunity of taking part, the High Commissioner for Canada is offering a series of "travel scholarships," which will be open to young men between the ages of 18 and 25 who are actively employed in the wholesale or retail grocery or provision trades in this country.

## "To Encourage the Others"

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

SO the Secretary of State has flatly refused to appoint a Commission of Enquiry into the death of Mr. Powys.

This decision will not surprise the unofficial community in Kenya; nevertheless it will not be forgotten. Mr. Powys was found dead in a wild unsettled area frequented by roving bands of "spear blooding" Samburu. After his death songs were sung in their encampments and other allusions made: many were the grounds for suspecting murder by the tribe.

Public interest in the case was intense, yet the Attorney-General considered it more important for him to attend a political sitting of the Legislative Council, and deputed his junior to the case. In some ways it seemed as though Government did not really desire a conviction.

In the Governor's despatch on the case he blithely remarks that he severely reprimanded a very fine District Officer, and in spite of realising his great difficulties sent him elsewhere: one is glad to read further on that the officer has shown considerable resource and ability in his new post.

Almost an African parallel to the Amritsar affair: one wonders how many more officers will continue to jeopardise their future for the good of the community.

Without any shadow of doubt, if this officer had not acted as he did, previous to the trial of five Samburu for Mr. Powys's murder, there would have been further murders and eventually a costly punitive expedition.

And what did this wise officer do? Order two warriors to receive ten strokes, less than one frequently received at school. This man went out to investigate matters and while doing this, two warriors calmly denied all they had previously said: moreover, their demeanour was extremely offensive: behind sat all the elders and headmen, eagerly watching.

Had he ignored their impertinence, the whole tribe would have considered the Government afraid and there is no telling what the consequences might have been. All this officer did was to exceed his legal powers, and this he admitted.

Faced with a warlike, restless, and critical assembly, strictly legal methods rarely accomplish much good. Yet another example of an individual being sacrificed for a principle that no ignorant tribe can understand!

As a result of the numerous murders committed by the tribe it



Northern Rhodesia natives in sporting mood

was fined £900. Yet at a *Baraza*, the Governor, while announcing this to them, selected that moment of all others to inform them that they were being granted further land, to which incidentally they had no right!

The report of the Carter Commission was still in dispute, so on that score alone he might have waited before rewarding them with one hand while he punished them with the other. Is it surprising that the settlers' one aim is to secure self-Government and prevent matters being so obviously bungled

### Storm over the Copper Mines

By G. Delap Stevenson

**T**HE strike with violence in the Northern Rhodesia copper belt broke out suddenly like a tropical thunder storm and has now died away again.

A commission of inquiry is searching out the causes, and there are various theories as to why the trouble began. It is alleged that agitators have been at work among the natives and used the increase of the poll tax as an occasion for disturbances.

Communist agitators certainly exist in East Africa, as elsewhere, and agents from America, working for negro racial movements, are also to be found. In general, however, these agitators are not supposed to have very much influence.

Communists in South and East Africa are always hampered by the fact that they can get no co-operation between black and white workers. The poor whites to whom they might appeal are the people who, beyond all others, are afraid and jealous of the blacks and are anxious to keep them down.

Whether or not agitators played an important part in preparing the strike its immediate cause was the increase in the poll tax and the

strikers demanded that their wages should be raised to meet it.

It is the accepted policy in Northern Rhodesia that the poll tax varies according to the prosperity of the district, so that it shall be heaviest for those who are best able to pay, on the same principle that there are different rates of income tax in England.

Before the present increase it had varied between 7/6 and 12/6 in different parts of the country, while certain natives on the grounds of age or infirmity could get total exemption.

It is, therefore, quite in accordance with custom that there should be a higher tax for the mines natives, who are getting wages and are comparatively far more prosperous than their relatives who remain in the villages scraping a living from primitive farming.

The natives do not seem to have been worried by the differentiation between districts until it was applied to the mines, between which and the workers' home villages there is continual coming and going.

By a new arrangement brought in in May, one month's residence in an area with a higher rate of tax makes a man liable to that higher rate. A native, therefore, might come in from a district where the poll tax was 10/- and do six weeks' work in a mine, with the result that he would be asked to pay up an extra 5/- to reach the new 15/- rate of the mines area.

Most important of all perhaps in causing discontent was the fact that the new tax was applied without any very long notice and explanation. When the poll tax was altered in 1930, the natives were given plenty of warning, and the whole thing was carefully explained to them.

The new mines tax is only 2/6 more than the 12/6 tax which already existed in the more prosperous dis-

tricts and like many colonial Governments, Northern Rhodesia has needed all the revenue which could be got. At one time the mines and railways were making no income and therefore paying no income tax. Now, however, things are better, the mines are making profits and the budget is expected to be balanced in 1935.

One interesting thing which has shown itself during the disturbances is the white solidarity of East and South Africa.

White police were sent up from Southern Rhodesia while the Union supplied tear gas. Mr. Pirow, the South African Minister for Defence, summed up the attitude. "Where the lives of white women and children were in danger" he said, "and their security depended on the protection of native soldiers, White South Africa could not close its eyes to possible developments as a result of the strike."

### Empire Film Library

**O**N Friday the 14th June, His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester opened, at the Imperial Institute, the new Empire Film Library which has been organised in commemoration of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee.

The Library contains films of production in industry and agriculture as well as the life and products of the overseas Empire.

The films will be supplied to schools and other approved bodies in this country without other charge than the cost of their carriage to and from the Imperial Institute.

At present the Library consists mainly of silent films, but the provision of "sound" films and the acquisition of "sound" apparatus is an important aim of the new venture.

It is hoped that the Empire Film Library will thus become a centre for the collection of films which will reveal the life, scenery and industries of the overseas Empire to the general public and particularly to the rising generation of the British Isles.

### S. Rhodesia "Dinner" Club

**A** DINNER Club has been formed in London at the suggestion of the Southern Rhodesia Prime Minister.

Speaking at a function in London recently, the Hon. G. M. Huggins, Premier of Southern Rhodesia, referred to the fact that, owing to the interest taken in the Colony in London and also the increasing number of Rhodesians who visited the Old Country every year, some sort of Southern Rhodesian Club should be set up.

His suggestion was taken to heart and, as a result, an Inaugural Dinner will be held by the Southern Rhodesian Dinner Club on Wednesday, July 10. The guest of honour will be Mr. Huggins himself.



## FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

*The Comedy and Tragedy of  
Jenkins' Ear*

By Professor A. P. Newton

IN the history of the Empire the occasions on which the Government has been forced into war by the pressure of public opinion are very rare, but there is one outstanding example, in the first half of the eighteenth century, when an organised minority forced a Ministry into war with a foreign Power against its better judgment by raising an uncontrollable popular outcry.

Sir Robert Walpole, perhaps the most powerful Prime Minister England ever had, was convinced that the country could derive greater profit by extending its commerce oversea in peace than by seeking glory upon the field of battle.

He knew that even a victorious war would do more harm to our commerce and pile up a greater debt than all its conquests could recoup. Through all his long tenure of office he therefore strove steadily for peace, and undoubtedly it was under him that England mounted to a leading place as a commercial power and

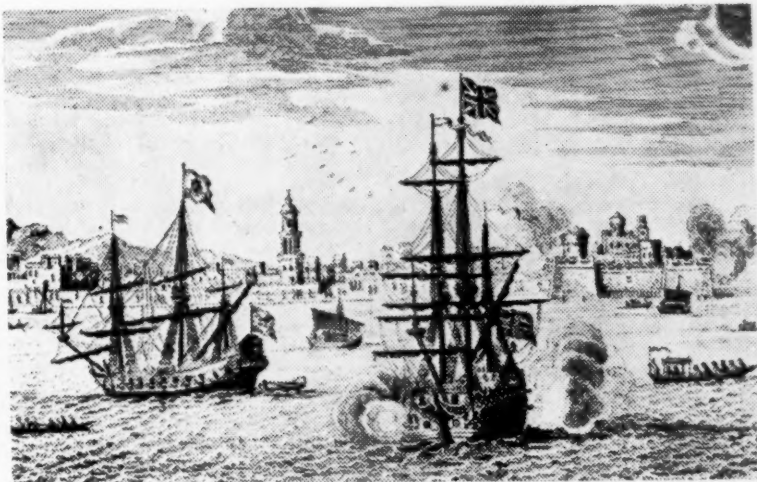


Medal celebrating the capture of Portobello (West Indies) by Admiral Vernon, 22nd November, 1739.

built up the systems of insurance and banking which were the essential foundations of her later prosperity.

One of the richest commercial prizes of the period was the trade in manufactured goods to, and raw materials from, the Spanish colonies in South and Central America, but the Spaniards obstinately refused to allow foreigners to take a legitimate part in that trade and strove to prevent it by drastic restrictions.

But they had failed for generations to accomplish their purpose and a vast system of clandestine trading was built up by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and as Holland declined in power England and



Anson's capture of the immensely rich Spanish "Manilla ship" on the Manilla Acapulco (Mexico) run laden with treasure, during his voyage round the world, 1743.

France competed for the legacy of their commerce.

But they were not content to depend merely upon illicit means, and both Powers sought to force Spain to withdraw her restrictive regulations in their favour and admit their merchants to legitimate trade in her American harbours.

France was at first the more successful, but by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Great Britain secured for herself the valuable *asiento* or right of sale of slaves in the Spanish colonies, and permission to engage in a limited trade in manufactured goods.

These privileges, which were transferred to the South Sea Company, proved a very great disappointment to British merchants, for they led to incessant wrangles with the Spaniards who were determined to nullify them if they possibly could.

Since legitimate trading under them failed to yield the expected profits, our merchants therefore took to smuggling on a very large scale, while the Spaniards attempted to suppress it by the employment of large numbers of *guardacostas* small, coasting sailing vessels manned largely by the off-scourings of the American ports.

The protests of English shipowners against the brutalities and unscrupulousness of the *guardacostas* were loud and incessant, but though Walpole did his best to secure redress by diplomatic representations, he did not believe that it would be to England's profit to declare war against Spain in support of what was undoubtedly often illicit trade.

In 1739 his political opponents in England thought they saw an opportunity of arousing public indignation against the Prime Minister by proclaiming the indignities inflicted on our sailors.

They found one, Captain Jenkins, who claimed that he had been maltreated by the Spaniards and sent

him up and down the country to describe his wrongs and show what he said was his ear that had been cut off by the *guardacostas* and which he had preserved in a bottle.



Lord Anson, rear-Admiral of the "White," and First Sea Lord, who reorganised and reformed the Navy in mid 18th century.

This comic story, the truth of which, to say the least, was very doubtful, effected its purpose. A great public outcry arose and ultimately Walpole was forced into war against Spain.

The resulting conflict is known as the War of Jenkins' Ear, and though it was marked at first by a success that aroused immense popular enthusiasm, it ended ultimately in tragic failure.

Admiral Vernon captured the strongly defended port Porto Bello through which the Spanish treasure came across the Isthmus of Panama and the news led to such popular rejoicing that various places in

England and Scotland were given the name Porto Bello, which in some cases has persisted to this day.

The strongest naval and military expedition which until then had ever left our shores was despatched against Cartagena, then one of the principal ports in the Indies.

The result was a tragic disaster, for not only did our forces fail to capture the city, they were smitten by the scourge of yellow fever and many thousands perished in circumstances of horror and misery.

The war, however, was marked by one outstanding exploit which was long remembered and placed by the Englishmen of the time alongside the successes of Drake in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Commodore Anson was sent out in 1740 to act against the Spaniards in the Pacific, and though he did little against their fortified ports, he succeeded in capturing the annual galleon trading between the Philippines and Acapulco.

Four years after his departure, Anson returned after circumnavigating the globe as Drake had done, bringing with him a booty of £500,000 of silver.

After the tragedy of Cartagena, this success was loudly acclaimed, but it did little to redeem the failures of the war, and Walpole was forced out of office in a large measure because he had not succeeded in winning a war in which he had profoundly disbelieved.

### South Africa and Imperial Defence—III

By "Commodore"

**S**OUTH Africa is not dissimilar from other Dominions in her need for air strength as one of the most important factors in her defence system.

It is becoming increasingly obvious that the air is really the most effective

medium through which to counter sporadic attacks directed at a nation which is, territorially, as vast as South Africa. It combines extreme mobility with deadly effectiveness, though its operation is naturally limited in the matter of the weight behind an attack on marauding forces.

The study of a map of Africa reveals the extreme difficulties which would accompany the launching of any direct military invasions on a large scale.

This, of course, is a factor of the utmost importance to South Africa, as it automatically lessens the scope of necessary defences. It can, on the other hand, very easily lead to a feeling of false security, and there is no doubt that in the past chances have been taken with this apparent immunity from attack.

It must be remembered that the population of the country is a heterogeneous collection, both white and black, and that her great mineral wealth is the common meeting ground of all sorts, conditions and nationalities. There is always a latent danger here of a small outburst leading to a serious clash in which the interests of foreign countries might well become involved.

As has been proved over and over again in India, where the Air Force has been indispensable in dealing with tribal insurrections, the whole essence of dealing with happenings of this nature is the speed with which defensive measures can be taken.

Nothing can take the place of air as the logical answer to problems of this nature. It is pre-eminent, not only on account of the rapidity with which counter-attack can be launched but also because of the great disruptive effect of attack from the air on hostile gatherings.

The history of South Africa is plentifully sprinkled with blood and the country lends itself to a type of

guerrilla warfare, against which military operations are unsuited. An efficient Air Force at once renders this method of warfare non-effective, while in itself carrying the means of destroying it.

There are indications that South Africa is equipping herself in this direction with all possible speed.

She already has the nucleus of a powerful Air Defence Force and her programme of Air expansion is being speeded up to place her on a footing of complete security.

When this is done, the Union will be in the enviable position of being able to regard the doings of the rest of the world with equanimity.

### Do You Know . . . ?

The British Empire is:

Eight times larger than the Persian Empire under Darius.

Seven times larger than the Roman Empire under Augustus.

Ten times larger than the Roman Empire under Alexander the Great.

Twenty-five times larger than that of Nebuchadnezzar the Second.

Three times larger than China.

Twice the size of Russia.

Three and a half times larger than Europe.

Has within its boundaries portions of the Empires of Assyria, Babylonia, Persia and Rome.

Is the only Christian Empire that the world has ever known.

Freed millions of slaves and paid millions to do so.

Is the most beneficent Empire the world has ever known; the coloured races never had such a benefactor.

Played the biggest part in the biggest war ever known. Put 9½ millions into the field all over the world.

## LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

**Air Mail Passengers.**—Major Hannah and Dr. and Mrs. S. T. Keppel, from Salisbury; Mr. Skeby, from Nairobi; Mr. B. V. Marwood, from Malakal; Major Able and Captain Colville, from Khartoum; Mr. Williams and Sir Ian Richardson, from Salisbury; Mr. Perry, from Broken Hill; and Mr. Fearn, from Kisumu.

**Australia.**—Captain Edgar Johnston, Controller of Civil Aviation in Australia, here to consult with Imperial and foreign authorities on air mail developments; Mr. C. N. Campbell, a grazier, of Glenorchy, Victoria; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mitchell and family, of Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Thomas and the Misses M. and A. Thomas, of Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. Huntly Griffith, of Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dennett, Mr. P. B. Dennett and Miss S. Dennett, of Melbourne; Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Colahan, of Melbourne; Mr. R. C. Evans, of Melbourne, on a business and pleasure tour of England, the Continent and America, with Mrs. Evans and Miss S. B. Evans; Dr. W. E. Blackall and Mrs. Blackall, of West Australia; Mr. and Mrs. A. Hilton Wood and Miss Hilton Wood, of Perth, West Australia; Mr. W. M. Buntine, with Mrs. Buntine, to represent Melbourne University at the international Congress on Family Education at Brussels; Mr. John Hunter, a Sydney timber merchant, with Mrs. Hunter and the Misses J. and C. Hunter; Mr. L. R. Carter, of Sydney, with Mrs. Carter and Miss Lucille Carter; Mr. J. R. King, general manager of the Producers' Co-operative Distributing Society, of Sydney; Mr. T. H. Windeyer, of Methalib station, Trangie, N.S.W., with Mrs. Windeyer, Miss Windeyer and Mr. T. F. Windeyer.

**East Africa.**—Major E. Barry Johnston, Naval and Military Club, 94, Piccadilly, W.1; Neville Frisby, 4, South Row, Blackheath; Mr. Justice S. S. Abrahams, 184, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. V. Fisk, c/o H. Rogers, Esq., Ivydene, Mt. Ararat Rd., Richmond; Mrs. Payne Williams, 14, Foxley Lane, Purley, Surrey; W. E. Crookill, Barnpark, Tavistock; R. H. Begg, c/o Plaza Hotel, St. Martins Street, W.C.2; Dr. A. D. Williams, United University Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1; G. C. Ishmael, Littlebarns, Cranleigh, Surrey; H. E. Croxford, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2; Captain M. J. Stewart, R.A. Mess, Shoeburyness, Essex; W. C. de Boer, c/o Dr. Chaplin, Little Baddow, Essex; James Walker,

Poulton Grange, Cirencester; W. B. Tripe, 12, St. James's Square, S.W.1; W. W. Orpwood, St. Matthew's Vicarage, Fulham, S.W.6; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Allsop, 68, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2; J. W. M. Williams, 22, Stanley Gardens, Kensington, W.11; Major C. Luxford, Junior United Services Club, 11, Charles St., S.W.1; T. Y. Watson, Oakbank, Heath & Reach, Leighton Buzzard; K. C. Strahan, c/o Standard Bank of S. Africa, 10, Clements Lane, E.C.4.

**Canada.**—Mr. and Mrs. P. McKergow, Vancouver, B.C., Mayfair Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. J. Seymour, Vancouver, B.C., The Wilderness, E. Molesey; Mrs. James Holmes, Victoria, B.C., Goodwood Hotel, Queensboro' Terrace; Miss Helen Holmes, Victoria, B.C., Goodwood Hotel, Queensboro' Terrace; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Parnell, Victoria, B.C., 37, Templars Avenue, Golders Green; D. S. Rashleigh, N. Vancouver, B.C., 210, Tilghurst Road, Reading; Mrs. E. Saynes, Victoria, B.C., c/o Bank of Montreal, S.W.1; Hew Paterson, Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. Hugh Savage, Duncan, B.C., 57, Gap Road, Wimbledon, S.W.; David B. Savage, Duncan, B.C., 57, Gap Road, Wimbledon, S.W.; R. S. Thompson, Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. M. E. Bowden, Victoria, B.C., Bank of Montreal, S.W.1; W. P. Bowden, Victoria, B.C., Bank of Montreal, S.W.1; Major and Mrs. J. E. Hunter, Victoria, B.C., Bank of Montreal, S.W.1; C. C. Pettet, Vancouver, B.C., British Empire Club; Mrs. H. T. Ellis, Victoria, B.C., 34, Christchurch Road, Norwich; Dr. and Mrs. W. Sturdy, Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Seeds Martin, Vancouver, B.C., 6, Beresford Road, Wallasey; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Foxwell, Victoria, B.C., Bank of Montreal, S.W.; Mrs. A. Mortimer, Victoria, B.C., 35, Hillside Gardens, Edgware; Miss Beekie Mortimer, Victoria, B.C., 35, Hillside Gardens, Edgware; F. Bradshaw, Duncan, B.C., 110, Sutherland Avenue, W.9; A. C. Cooke, Vancouver, B.C., 38, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

Dr. Edgar Rice, Toronto (c/o American Express Co.); Mr. Robert H. Ferris (wool and hides), Toronto, and Mrs. Ferris, Berners Hotel; Mr. Henry Thompson, president, Dental Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Berners Hotel; Mr. J. C. M. German, of the legal firm of J. C. M. German and Co., Toronto, the Savoy Hotel.



**BROADCASTING****EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMMES****By Alan Howland**

**S**IR JOHN REITH is annoyed. The objects of his wrath are our schoolmasters and educational experts. These gentlemen apparently do not think very much of Sir John's educational programmes, since they refuse to equip their schools with wireless in order that their pupils may receive the inestimable benefit of the programmes so thoughtfully devised for them.

It seems to me that there are at least fifty reasons why a school should not interest itself in the broadcasts to schools, but it is only possible to deal briefly with one or two of the more obvious ones.

A moment's thought would have shown Sir John that the curriculum of any school depends on purely local factors. It would be utterly absurd to suppose that every school in the kingdom has an arithmetic lesson at 9 a.m. on Thursdays; moreover in certain schools it would be utterly impossible to have an arithmetic lesson at 9 a.m. on Thursdays. What on earth reason has Sir John to suppose that every headmaster should find it possible or even desirable to include in his curriculum a dissertation on "Summer Butterflies" at 2.5 p.m. on Tuesdays? Sir John must surely realise that at any school the lessons are arranged at times and for periods, which suit the requirements of that particular school; but the Director-General is angry because all schools will not standardise their curricula in consultation with the B.B.C. There is, in my opinion, every chance that he will go on being angry.

**Personal Contact**

Again, there are many schoolmasters who believe that education can only be achieved by a personal contact between master and pupil. Each individual class must be dealt with according to the number and type of children it comprises, and each individual child must feel that he has personal access to as well as the active co-operation of his teacher. A wireless lesson, however competent the lecturer and however pleasant his personality, cannot achieve this desirable contact, and therefore the matter which it contains comes under the heading of "instruction" and can more easily be obtained from books.

There is another point which seems to have escaped Sir John. It is just possible that the large number of schools which have scorned his efforts to educate their pupils may be better equipped for disseminating the information which he would pour at them through a loud-speaker. In other words, it might take more than Sir John to convince the headmasters of our schools that his staff of lecturers is in any way comparable with the tutorial personnel at their own disposal. Since, however, Portland Place is considered by its denizens to be infallible and inspired, one must forgive Sir John his tantrums.

**CINEMA****A FINE PICTURE****By Mark Forrest**

**I** HAVE often referred to the talent of Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, and I am not going to apologise for drawing your attention once more to the abilities of this English director; we have so few able ones that we must make the most of them whenever we get a chance which, in Mr. Hitchcock's case, is once and sometimes twice a year.

Apart from an excursion to Vienna, in the nineteenth century, about which, I suspect he knows little and cares less, where he became entangled with what was then the fashionable barbed wire of the cinema, namely waltzes and wigs, Mr. Hitchcock has not made a dull film; and his last picture, based on Mr. Buchan's well known thriller, *The Thirty Nine Steps*, and at present at the New Gallery, holds out the promise that if he chooses his stories carefully and does not allow himself to be rushed, he will not make another.

The chief merit of Mr. Buchan's work was that so well was it written that the impossible situation which he envisaged seemed credible and, when one put the book down, one felt that perhaps after all the British Isles were more sinister than one imagined. Mr. Hitchcock, while taking any amount of liberties with the story, in so far as he has added more than a few dashes of humour, has managed to catch the quality of the original and his film does not appear either farcical or beyond the bounds of probability.

The action, which, as in the book is threefold, with the hero being chased by the police, himself chasing the villain and the villain's minions pursuing him, is never allowed to drag, and depth is given to this famous spy story by some excellent open air photography which has the famous pass of Glencoe for its background. The Forth Bridge has been very cleverly used and, where the sets in the studio have been brought into play, the transition is neither palpable nor clumsy.

By keeping one pursuit or another going and sandwiching the three of them with some excellent comedy, the dialogue of which is in the capable hands of Mr. Ian Hay, Mr. Hitchcock never allows the action to flag for a single minute. The result is one which I recommend to everyone.

The unfortunate hero, who has to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, is exceedingly well played by Frank Donat who recently gave a fine performance in *Monte Cristo*. Madeleine Carroll has not a great deal to do as the heroine. The supporting cast, which includes Hilda Trevelyan and Godfrey Tearle, is uniformly good.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

Yvonne Printemps

in her first film

**"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (A)**

with Pierre Fresnay

# Glasgow Loan Greed

(By Our City Editor)

**T**HE Glasgow Corporation has given us in the past week a vivid example of the way in which Socialist financiers exhibit the utmost greed and ignore their own creed. The Corporation has for some time past been seeking to replace its  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock, now due for repayment, with a long-dated stock bearing a lower rate of interest. British Corporations in general are so eager to reduce the rates of interest on their outstanding loans by conversion operations in the London Market that the Treasury has asked the Bank of England to exercise an overseeing control to prevent congestion and secure an orderly appearance of Trustee issues. The scaling down of interest rates which has followed the conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan has made the local authorities greedy to secure loans at rates of almost unheard-of cheapness.

In consequence, a halt of some months had to be called in the gilt-edged market and those Corporations which were waiting to float loans had to await the recovery of the market. Corporation loans were renewed only a week or so ago with an offer by Manchester of 3 per cent. stock at 99 and this offer received a most successful response. Glasgow Corporation, as borrowers, were offered the same terms, but these they refused to accept standing out for 3 per cent. at 101 a rate giving a yield to the investor of under 3 per cent. and one which would have ensured the failure of the loan and forced underwriters to take up the stock, spoiling the market for some time to come for other borrowers. In these circumstances the Bank of England could hardly be expected to sanction the loan on Glasgow's terms.

## Attack on the Bank

The Glasgow Treasurer, indignant at this "dictatorship" of the Bank of England, and bubbling with bumble-like importance, is now endeavouring to raise the money to replace the City's  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock on 3 per cent. mortgages and it would not be surprising to learn that, in the long run, the Corporation will have to pay more for its requirements than if it had accepted the terms of the London Market for a long-term loan. The whole incident has been made the excuse for a quite unjustified attack on the Bank of England which on the face of it seems preposterous. Three years ago British Corporations would have been glad enough to borrow at 5 per

cent. Through no merit of theirs, interest rates have been "cut" heavily all-round and now we find these local authorities in keen competition to extract the last drop of blood from the weakening *rentier*.

## Imperial Bank of Persia

Like the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, the Imperial Bank of Persia is to change its title to conform with the recent change in the name of the country and will become the Imperial Bank of Iran. The change has involved the granting of a Supplemental Charter to the Bank. The balance sheet made up to March 20 last is remarkable for the position of liquidity and strength which it reveals, for against deposits of £3,065,477, a decline as against the previous year of £63,000, cash and bullion total no less than £1,278,922 against £1,053,273 a year previously, and investments have increased from £3,467,918 to £3,552,066. Loans and advances are some £46,000 lower in the aggregate at £1,222,163 and the balance of profit for the year at £75,760 is not quite up to the previous year's level. Once again, however, the dividend of 13s. per share free of tax, including the 2s. bonus, is well covered, the allocation to reserve of £10,000 increasing that fund to £730,000 as compared with issued capital of £650,000.

## Telephone Rentals

Mr. F. T. Jackson, Chairman of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., had a most satisfactory position to report at the meeting of the company last Monday for the profit for the year ended May 31 last was £72,798 against £59,528 for the year to May 31, 1934. The company is able to pay a dividend of 8 per cent. for the year, add £10,000 to reserve, and increase the amount carried forward from £14,186 to £24,124. During the past year there was an increase of 12 per cent. in rental revenue as compared with an increase of 10 per cent. in the previous year, but the Chairman pointed out that the increase in the form of percentage was very much greater than was apparent as it had been taken on a higher figure. The rapid development of the "New System" subsidiary companies' business, the Chairman explained, required additional finance for which purpose 400,000 new shares of 5s. each are being offered to shareholders at a premium of 2s. 6d. per share in the ratio of one new share for every six held.

# NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

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## COMPANY MEETING

## TELEPHONE RENTALS LTD.

## Rental Revenue Again Greater

## Progress of Telematic Service

The sixth annual meeting of Telephone Rentals Ltd. was held on Monday last at Southern House, London, E.C.

MR. FRED. T. JACKSON (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said: I am glad to be in the position of saying that your "New System" Subsidiary Companies have had a very favourable year, and that business continues to progress on the high level we have attained, and your company continues to hold the predominating position in the industry which it has held since its inception.

During the year the rental revenue has been increased by 12 per cent., as compared with 10 per cent. last year, but I would repeat what I said then, as it still applies. The increase in the form of percentage is very much greater than is apparent, because taken on a higher figure.

As you all know, our main business is to provide, through our "New System" companies, all forms of private telephone service at moderate rentals, known and advertised under the collective name of Telematic Service. In the directors' report we informed you that the newest types of apparatus now installed by us have met with general appreciation. These types of apparatus include a complete range of loud-speaking telephones, code signalling devices, and automatic switchboards, which are without exception the most up-to-date in the country.

During the past few years many of our rental subscribers have become our shareholders, and all shareholders connected with business should become our subscribers.

No business premises, whether they be offices or factories, are too large or too small for one branch or another of Telematic service, from the simplest house telephone to the most complicated automatic system, to be of direct assistance in running the business more easily, more efficiently, and more economically.

## A Suggestion to Shareholders

Shareholders have the opportunity of assisting the company, and, therefore, themselves, by letting us investigate how Telematic service may be best applied to the solution of their business problems. If we cannot help you we shall tell you so. If we can—it will be to our mutual advantage. Will you, therefore, let us have your inquiries?

We are doing a big business in Australia. We not only have a first-class distributing organisation, but at the back of this an up-to-date factory, both of which organisations are being run on progressive lines, with the result that a modest dividend has been distributed, which we think will be the forerunner of dividends on an increasing basis in future years.

There is no necessity for me to deal with the profit and loss account in any detail, as the position must be quite clear to you. You will, however, observe that the profit for the year amounts to £72,798 11s. 2d., as compared with £59,528 5s. 8d. for the year ending May 31, 1934, which we think you will agree is a very satisfactory result.

Your directors recommend the payment of a final dividend of 4½ per cent., making 8 per cent. for the year, which will absorb £20,925, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £24,124 0s. 11d., as compared with a carry-forward last year of £14,186 9s. 9d.

## The New Issue

You will have seen from the directors' report, and also in the Press, that your directors propose to issue half of the increased capital authorised, namely, 400,000 shares of 5s. each, at a premium of 2s. 6d. per share, which will

be offered to all shareholders on the company's register as at June 20, in the ratio of one new share for every six held. The balance sheet you have before you substantiates the necessity of increasing the capital in order to finance the development of the "New System" subsidiary companies' business, and your directors have no doubt that the increased capital will result in increased profits. Not only do we require additional finance for development in this country, but also in Australia. The position there is that, although the operating companies have earned quite substantial profits, they are short of working capital, both for manufacturing and distribution. Our partners in this business advanced £40,000 sterling some few years before we became interested, and when we entered into an agreement with them we took an option to take up half this debenture of £40,000, as your directors considered it wise that the partnership should be an equal one. However, business has expanded so rapidly that, instead of exercising this option, we have agreed that the debenture should be increased to £80,000 sterling, and that we will take up £40,000, which will provide all the finance that is necessary for development for the time being.

This issue will yield £50,000 in share premiums. Your directors propose to earmark £25,000 of this amount for financing intensive sales development through the medium of the "New System" subsidiary companies, and £25,000 will be added to general reserve account.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.



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## Bishop's Move

### SPUN CUT TOBACCO

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As a result of the recent Entrance Scholarship examinations at Taunton School Scholarships were awarded to:—D. E. Robson (£80 p.a.); N. Vakil (£60); J. A. H. Paffet (£40); O. M. V. Argles (£40). Day Boy Scholarships were awarded to J. Alves and R. Harris who have earned remission of tuition fees.

## THEATRE NOTES

"The Two Mrs. Carrolls"

St. Martin's Theatre

By Martin Vale.

**G**EOFFREY CARROLL, artist, sought his inspiration in beautiful women, and in order to keep the particular inspiration of the moment with him, would go to any lengths to rid himself of opposition—even though that opposition be his wife. His first wife recovered from his attempts to poison her in time to force from him a confession of his intentions and a promise that, if she divorced him, he would marry and stay with the *raison d'être* of her own unhappiness. But, alas, Geoffrey forgot his past and, having married for the second time, fell in love with yet another "inspiration," and the second Mrs. Carroll was like to go the way of her predecessor. This villainy was frustrated; in what manner it is worth a visit to St. Martin's Theatre to discover. Although there are holes to be picked, possibly, in the story, I have yet to see a "thriller" with more suspense and breathless interest for at least two thirds of it.

Much of this is due to the brilliant acting of Leslie Banks as Geoffrey Carroll. He achieved the difficult task of making us conscious of his own helplessness in having to do what he was doing—in fact of gaining our sympathy. Elena Miramova as Mrs. Carroll number two, was charming and also proved to be a fine artist from the moment she realised her husband's intention to kill her. Edward Harben, Lamont Dickson and Joan Maude gave excellent support, but I would have rather seen the French "bonne" played by a Frenchwoman, or at least by someone whose French accent smacked a little less of the Café Royal.

"Anything Goes"

Palace Theatre

**M**R. C. B. COCHRAN has done it again. If I am any judge of what goes, "Anything Goes" will go on going for a long time. I am not sure why there were so many principals and so many personable young women on board ss. American or whatever it was called, but I am very glad they were. What brought them there is still a profound secret shared between Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and Mr. Guy Bolton.

It is a shame to have even the smallest grouse about so excellent a show, but since I have one I prefer to get it off my chest at once. I cannot fathom Mr. Cochran's mind in casting Miss Jeanne Aubert as his leading lady. To derive full enjoyment from Cole Porter's lyrics it is essential to be able to hear them and this, Miss Aubert's accent, charming as it was, made it impossible to do. I am left in the position of having to buy the songs in order to learn what they were all about.

Mr. Sidney Howard as "Gangster No. 13" disguised as a clergyman was a sheer joy. Every movement of those expressive hands, every gesture, the timing of every phrase showed the real comedian at his very best.

Mr. Jack Whiting is a breezy light comedian with a pleasant singing voice. His buoyancy and enthusiasm almost made one suspect that he thoroughly believed in the plot. In other words he was a success. Miss Adele Dixon entered into the spirit of the frolic with just that amount of sincerity which one expects in musical comedy, Miss Betty Kean shone for one brief moment in a solo dance, and Mr. Peter Haddon added that authentic Wodehouse touch which somehow or other managed to merge itself in the American background. To sum up, a Cochran show, with the Cochran touch, the Cochran Young Ladies and a typically Cochran audience.

"Harvest of the North"

Embassy

By James Lansdale Hodson.

**I**F a playwright is presenting to us in play-form episodes in the lives of members of any given community under certain conditions it is surely a pity to ignore the humour that must from time to time creep out, perhaps even burst out, amongst those people in spite of themselves.

In "Harvest of the North," Mr. Hodson has given grim, stark and sordid pictures of the lives of workers in the Lancashire cotton-mills. He may not have exaggerated their misery—I do not know enough of the actual facts to say whether or no he has done so—but I cannot believe that in Lancashire there is no sense of humour even though there be no work. A few of the lighter facets of the lives of the Renshaws, the Meadows and the MacIntyres would have been welcome, I feel, to most of the audience, and, to my mind, would have strengthened the play.

There was, however, some very good acting. Hilda Davies, as Harriet Renshaw—the mainstay of the family—was excellent, while Herbert Lomas lived the part of her old father-in-law rather than acted it. Two other performances were outstanding—that of Ann Wilton as Mrs. Jane Meadows and that of Morland Graham as Sam Renshaw.

C.S.

**People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy**

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